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THE REFORM DEBATE.

INDULGING in that pleasant familiarity with sacred subjects which is only allowed to eminent religious characters, Mr. GLADSTONE remarked the other night that the Reform debate had lasted as long as the Creation, and he accordingly invited the House to allow itself a Sabbath. Not to pursue a questionable metaphor, it may be observed, that the concluding part of the discussion was the most curious, and perhaps the most interesting. Mr. MACAULAY might have found additional matter for congratulation to the opponents of the Bill if he had spoken at the end of the evening. Mr. GREGORY's powerful argument, founded on his American experience, was scarcely as significant as Sir JOHN RAMSDEN's declaration that the measure was incomplete and objectionable. The election for the West Riding was the result of the most important contest which took place after the dissolution of last year. The successful candidates represented the opinion of the greatest constituency in England, and the announcement that one of them opposes the Government Bill indicates a remarkable change in the popular judgment. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, though he displayed even more than his usual courage by speaking in favour of the Bill, was, for once, cautious, prosaic, and almost dull; and when the greatest orator of the House of Commons follows Sir G. LEWIS through the statistics of the Returns, it may safely be assumed that there is nothing to be said for the principle of the Bill. It is well worth considering whether the pledges of former years can prudently be broken, but it may now be considered as established that even the supporters of the measure scarcely anticipate any practical advantage from its results.

The debate has not been useless, but it was time that it should come to an end. There is a limit to the profitable discussion even of the most fertile topics, and truth itself is weakened or overlaid by excessive repetition. The only serious speakers in favour of the Bill up to last night, were Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Sir G. LEWIS, and it must be admitted that neither Minister had been prodigal of arguments in its support. There was consequently some curiosity to hear what could be said in excuse for an unopposed measure; but the debate of Monday night showed symptoms of exhaustion or of tediousness on the side of the opponents. Mr. WALTER alone commanded the attention of the House, and the well-founded indignation of which Mr. BRIGHT is the object was disappointed by Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE's feeble attempt to follow up more vigorous assaults. There is no portion of controversial rhetoric which requires a more judicious economy than personal invective. A rebuke administered to a demagogue, or a well-chosen selection from his speeches, may tend to counteract his malignant influence; but the object of a dozen vituperative perorations gains in importance as much as he loses in esteem. Mr. BRIGHT has often assured his audiences in the North that the wealthier classes were the enemies of the people, and he will not perhaps be sorry to add that their organs are professedly hostile to himself. Wearied and paradoxical readers of the debates may at last almost have thought that there must, after all, be some defence, both for the Bill and for its pugnacious patron.

The few professed Reformers who still retain or express their former enthusiasm are naturally inclined to shift the discussion from the merits or demerits of the Bill to the singular circumstances which have characterized its progress through the House. The charge of factious delay is not especially applicable to the Opposition, as at least an equal number of speeches has been delivered on the Ministerial side of the House; yet it must be admitted that the interval of several weeks between the commencement of a debate and an unopposed second reading is an exceptional and by

no means satisfactory occurrence. The anomaly is occasioned by the badness of the Bill, but the Bill itself is, as both parties are aware, the necessary result of their own selfish and inconsiderate pledges. This time, at least, Lord JOHN RUSSELL has taken neither his colleagues nor his supporters by surprise. After the debates and the Ministerial change of last year, it was certain that he would propose a 6l. franchise in the boroughs, and a 10l. franchise in the counties. The number of seats to be transferred might have been approximately conjectured, and there was little reason to suppose that any contrivance would be attempted for restoring to the responsible classes the power which was summarily taken out of their hands. The minority, as well as the majority of the House, had sanctioned the principle of adding largely to the existing constituencies; and, in passing beyond the confines of the middle class, the number of enfranchised electors virtually determines their quality. The criticisms on the present Bill may have been forcible and conclusive, but they have applied far more directly to the hustings admissions of candidates than to the special provisions of the Ministerial measure. Time and the course of events have given rise to wholesome scruples, but resipiscence does not willingly present itself in the form of repentance. Every speech against the Bill may be accepted to the fullest extent as a sincere avowal of opinion, but particular objections have often been only excuses for slackness in the recently popular cause of Reform. Casuists are perfectly justified in asserting that—

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

But since the days of HERODIAS the forfeiture of a hasty pledge has often seemed more difficult than an obstinate consistency in wrong-doing. In the present dilemma, it is probably, on the whole, expedient to appeal to the country not through the painful process of a general election, but by a delay which may give time for the further consideration of the entire question. The all but universal conviction of thoughtful and educated men can scarcely fail to produce some change in operative public opinion. Prudence and practical solicitude for the working of the Constitution are beginning to condense themselves into commonplaces as intelligible, and as persuasive, as the popular arguments for Reform.

Unless the House of Commons displays an eagerness to pass the Bill which would contrast strangely with its recent proceedings, the question whether it is to become law during the present year is already virtually settled. Notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's activity during the early part of the session, several portions of the Budget still remain to be discussed. The licensed Victuallers and the Total Abstinents are still co-operating against the cause of refreshment; and the vexed question of the Paper duties may possibly occupy two or three evenings. Many indispensable votes in almost all departments remain to be passed; and Lord JOHN RUSSELL admits that he will not be able to move the Committee before the 4th of June. Even if no debate arise on the instructions to the Committee, there will be a long string of general amendments to consider; and every disfranchisement of a borough will probably be preceded by a discussion and a division. If the measure ever emerges from Committee, Mr. DISRAELI may be encouraged to rally his forces against the third reading; and even if the Bill arrives in the House of Lords within the period limited by the Standing Orders, it will have been damaged to such an extent as to offer an easy prey to its many irreconcilable enemies. If it had passed in ordinary course through the Commons, Lord DERBY would probably have submitted to an inaction which might have

been considered prudent; but no party leader can be expected wholly to abstain from profiting by the divisions and backwardness of his opponents. There is little danger of a conflict between the two branches of the Legislature when the House of Lords gives effect to the unconcealed wishes of all but a small section of the House of Commons. On the whole, however, it is more likely that the Bill will be wrecked before the termination of its present voyage. When it has foundered in a calm, impartial spectators may perhaps admit that the cause of the misfortune was rather in the fabric itself than in the perversity of the elements. Democrats and Absolutists will find ground for triumph in the incapacity of a constitutional assembly to carry into effect resolutions which it has repeatedly announced; but a want of aptitude in committing suicide is not, perhaps, altogether a proof of defective vitality.

DIPLOMATIC TRIUMPHS.

IN the opinion of many Continental politicians, the EMPEROR has obtained a great diplomatic triumph over England by the annexation of Savoy and Nice. We did all we could to prevent it; we denounced it, prophesied it could not be done, prophesied it would not be done, pointed out loudly to Europe the evils that would follow it; and yet it has been done very quietly and successfully. Peace and prosperity have not been disturbed, although the evil we anticipated has come upon us. The EMPEROR, it is thought, took the measure of all our indignation and outcry, and calculated rightly that there was no biting in our bark. England therefore has been lowered in Continental eyes, and the superiority of France in stratagem and foresight has been convincingly displayed. Nor can we deny that some reproach has been cast on our diplomacy. We did not manage it well. But the fault did not lie with professional diplomatists or with statesmen. It was the cold cynicism of the *Times* that really damaged us. The field of diplomacy was barred to us when the leading organ of English opinion set the fashion of sneering at the endeavours of Ministers to obtain justice for Savoy and Switzerland. If, at every stage of a negotiation, one of the negotiators openly declares that he does not much care how the matter is settled, and will certainly not fight for trifles, diplomacy is at an end. A bargain is impossible when one of the proposed parties to it announces that he is indifferent to his own success. Of course every one knew that England, unassisted by the other Powers, would not go to war to prevent VICTOR EMMANUEL from carrying out the bargain he had made before the Italian campaign began; but it was quite right that we should say openly how very dangerous a precedent we thought was established when France took the first step in self aggrandizement. All that diplomacy could do was to say this with dignity, and so as to make a deep impression on bystanders. The manner in which England expressed her opinion was everything, and if we said ineffectively what we had to say, this was due, in a very great measure, to the contempt poured by the *Times* on our efforts to say it well.

But we are not at all sure that the EMPEROR has had any very great triumph. There have been many instances where diplomatic victories have cost the conqueror so much that he has, in the long run, been held to be beaten. It was thought a great stroke of stratagem in M. GUIZOT and the King of the FRENCH to outwit Lord PALMERSTON in the matter of the Spanish Marriages, and impose on the Queen of SPAIN the unfortunate being who shares her throne. The event showed that this victory isolated France in Europe, and the ORLEANS dynasty soon fell after it had lost its prestige. Whether it is a gain to the EMPEROR to have annexed Savoy must remain uncertain until the contingency arises which alone can determine the penalty he may have to pay for his success. The diplomatists over whom he is supposed to have triumphed never said that, if he chose to annex Savoy, he would have to overcome an armed opposition—or that he would at once prostrate trade—or that he would fail to gratify the vanity of the French nation. What they said was, that he would raise a general spirit of distrust in his policy that would cause him difficulties for which the possession of Savoy could offer no adequate compensation. Only a very short time has elapsed, and we see many symptoms that this anticipation is likely to be fulfilled. His nearest object at present is, if we may trust a number of concurrent signs, to meddle successfully with Northern Germany. If possible, he would like to cajole Prussia into coming into a

corrupt arrangement with him, and persuade her to barter the Rhenish provinces for some of the principalities she is supposed to covet. If this is proved impossible, he would like to have an opportunity of overwhelming her without provoking England to take part in the war. The annexation of Savoy has made success in these projects infinitely more difficult. The baseness of the means taken to carry out the annexation, and the ignominy to which the Court of Turin has been subjected, would make it wholly impossible for Prussia to remain at the head of the free and national party in Germany if she were to enter into a bargain with the EMPEROR. England, too, has awakened to a sense of her position, and every day we are all of us seeing, more and more clearly, that if Prussia is attacked we must lose no time in going to war, and that this is our only chance of escaping expulsion from every spot that gives us command of the road to the East.

In England, we think very little of diplomatic triumphs unless they are won by the French. Our feeling of jealousy and alarm is just strong enough to make us dislike any unfair advantage being gained by French policy; and it is only because most Englishmen think that this Savoy business is likely to be the origin of future war that they do not feel annoyed at the EMPEROR having effected his purpose in spite of our remonstrances. But we are so accustomed to see English policy prevail, and take our superiority so much as a matter of course, that we pay very little attention to the numberless instances in which the diplomatic triumph is on our side. It is a very good thing that we should not attach much importance to outmanoeuvring our rivals in minor negotiations, but considerable injustice is often done to those who represent the diplomatic interests of England from their failures being noted and their successes forgotten. We all delight in magnifying the triumphs and praising the ingenuity of foreign diplomatists, and a hundred stories float about exalting the astuteness and sagacity of the representatives of despotic Courts. But it is a simple matter of fact, that of all diplomacy English diplomacy is by far the most successful. We may see this, if we choose to look, on a great scale, and we may see it on a small scale. For the last thirty years the great battle-field of diplomacy has been the Porte. There has been at Constantinople a sharp and continual struggle between the representatives of Courts holding very different opinions on the affairs of the East. It was exactly the arena that diplomatists could shine in; for there were great questions at stake, so that triumph was never barren or futile, and the constitution of an Oriental Court gave room for the personal superiority of each diplomatist in courage and capacity to exercise a direct influence. England has reigned supreme at the Porte. The English Ambassador has been the guide and protector of the SULTAN. English policy has prevailed in the councils of the Ottoman Empire. That we have, whether wisely or unwisely, prevented during so many years the construction of the Suez Canal, is, if we come to think of it, a very wonderful thing. If in fancy we reverse the parts played by the two countries, we shall find it simply incredible that an English Company, backed by the English Government, could have been so long baffled by the influence of the French representative at Constantinople. And what is true of our higher diplomacy is also true of our lower. If, in a remote settlement in Africa or Asia, there is a squabble going on, and the French and English Consuls take opposite sides, the English Consul almost always gets his way. Perhaps the natives like the Frenchman quite as well, but there is more fight in the Englishman, and England is the bigger Power. We do not wish to drag these petty victories from the obscurity proper to them, or to place the glory of England on its ability to bully or cajole its neighbours. If diplomacy will but enable us to hold our own, it does all that we want. At the same time, when we hear of diplomatic triumphs being won over us, we may call to mind that, as a rule, the triumph is the other way. Certainly, if we were resolved never to go to war until English territory was invaded, we should come to the end of our diplomatic triumphs at once, and of the greatness on which they are based. But there could not be a greater mistake than to suppose that England is for peace at any price, and intends to see liberty wiped out of the Continent, and our passage to the East intercepted, without stirring a finger to prevent it. The great mischief done by the cynical contempt which the *Times* bestowed on the attempt of our Government to save Savoy, lay in its encouraging the very false notion that we have retired from our position and duties as a great European Power. If Northern Germany is once convinced that she

has only to reject all schemes for bargaining away German territory, and that she may count on English assistance to provide a counterpoise to France in Central Europe, and defend Constitutional freedom, we shall hear little more of such diplomatic triumphs as the annexation of Savoy.

THE STATE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

THE *Quarterly Review* has, ever since 1846, been distinguished from the other organs of Conservatism by the caution of its language on the subject of the schism which rent asunder the party once headed by Sir ROBERT PEEL. Unlike the rest of the world, it has never seemed to treat the great quarrel as incurable. While the Protectionists were reviling the followers of PEEL in phraseology picked out of the gutter, and while the Free-trade Conservatives were revenging themselves through their principal newspaper with no small amount of retaliatory sarcasm, the *Quarterly* still ignored the estrangement to the best of its power, and wrote as if the whole duty of a Conservative were more than ever to abuse the common enemy. But in its number which has just appeared, this most sanguine of journals shows signs of having at last despaired, and signalizes its abandonment of old hopes by an impartial attack on both wings of the disunited confederacy. It is remarkable that the leaders of the present Opposition get much the worst of the invective. It makes one rub one's eyes, while reading of a politician whose tactics are "shameless," and whose "policy has misguided and discredited the Conservative party," to find that it is the *Quarterly Review* which is speaking of a gentleman generally recognised as the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, says the *Quarterly* with great truth, would never have proposed to reform the Reform Bill unless he had expected that his proposal would meet with tolerable resistance from the Conservatives in whose faces it was thrown. "But," he argued hastily from what he remembered of the strength of the Conservatives in the days of Sir ROBERT PEEL. He "then little knew Mr. DISRAELI's unrivalled powers of conducting his party into the ditch. That favourite of misfortune was then only known as a debater who had risen into eminence by his intense Protectionism and by the virtuous indignation with which he had proscribed all statesmen who had changed their minds, and his advent to power was looked for more with curiosity than with dread. No sooner, however, was the object of his ambition attained than he went forth, blundering and to blunder, on that career of disastrous leadership of which the recent majorities on the Budget are the latest fruit." The writer, who continues in this strain for a dozen pages, may be believed if he asserts that when, during the DERBY Administration, "opponents spoke almost with envy of the laudable discipline of the Tory party, they little knew the deep and bitter humiliation that was masked by the outward loyalty of its votes."

A Conservative who has looked forward to reconstructing the party of Sir ROBERT PEEL may be pardoned for marking the present moment as the crisis of his disappointment. One section of the great confederacy is not only included in the Whig Cabinet, but visibly forms its *extrême gauche*. The other has been so committed by its leaders to a false policy, that it is driven to repulse opportunities and reject advantages which are positively thrust upon it. The Conservatism of the country has risen so rapidly and so high, that fragments of the old Tory-beloved Constitution which, like Church-rates, had been regarded by the best Conservatives as stranded derelicts, are pretty nearly afloat again, to the astonishment of everybody. If we must attribute the reaction to its immediate causes, we must say that Mr. BRIGHT and the Emperor of the FRENCH ought to have the credit of it. The timid have been frightened out of their wits by proposals to throw the taxation of the country on its savings, and by suggestions of a Committee of Public Safety to sit permanently in London. The thoughtful have been startled by all the signs of the times into recognition of the chronic enmity between democracy and freedom. To collect these fears and misgivings into a focus is all that is required for a Conservative triumph, and yet there is not a man to do it among the Conservative leaders. Here is the Reform Bill almost begging to be rejected; but Mr. DISRAELI is estopped by the pledge he has himself given to pour dirty water into the Representation. Here is Mr. BRIGHT impersonating all

the favourite aversions of the better class of Englishmen; but Mr. DISRAELI cannot bring himself to speak uncivilly of Mr. BRIGHT. Here is the Emperor of the FRENCH binding us all together by a communion of national spirit to which party connexion is as a green withé; but Mr. DISRAELI has never felt himself able to admit that the Emperor of the FRENCH has ever been in the wrong in any one thing he has done. It is certainly unlucky for Mr. DISRAELI, but now that the flow of Conservatism which he has so long expected has fairly set in, it turns out to be Conservatism of that exact sort which he long ago denounced as "organized hypocrisy." People don't wish to go so fast; indeed they would rather prefer stopping altogether for a while, and attending to their business; but they have not the smallest wish to alter the familiar line of progress. This is the very state of feeling out of which Sir ROBERT PEEL created the Conservatism of the first epoch after the Reform Bill. The difficulties are now so much less than they were then, the Whigs are so much more discredited, and the nostrums of the Radicals so much more abominated, that a very second-rate sort of PEEL would probably serve to reconstitute the party of resistance. We really believe the game could be won by almost anybody who had spirit enough to reply to Mr. BRIGHT without paying him a single dishonest compliment. But the time is assuredly not propitious for clever Bolingbrokean Tories. The world has penetration enough to see that though the policy of BOLINGBROKE is as feasible as ever, the results are not quite the same. In alliances between the Tories and the mob, it is not, in these days, the mob which shouts for SACHEVERELL—it is the Tory statesmen who borrow the watchwords and carry the measures of the rabble.

The *Quarterly Review* seems to blame Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI not only for the helplessness of the Conservatives, but for their final loss of the followers of Sir ROBERT PEEL. Probably the chiefs of the Opposition could not, under any circumstances, have obtained the adhesion of certain among the ex-Conservatives who find their natural place in a Liberal Cabinet; but Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI might assuredly have had Mr. GLADSTONE if they had been other men than they are. Mr. GLADSTONE must follow somebody. With all its wonderful powers and graces, his intellect is that of a subordinate. In youth he laboriously schooled himself into submission to authority. On his entrance into public life he was subjugated by PEEL's enthralling ascendancy. In his mature years he has occupied his leisure by laboriously discovering every quality short of inspiration in a mythical poet; and now, passing from literature to politics, he treats Mr. BRIGHT's Liverpool speeches as he treated the *Iliad*. It is evident that he must have something to swear by, and, if it be possible, something which he does not quite understand. A very resolute, one-sided, impervious mind subdues him, because its qualities are not his own. But Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY are only two very clever men, and this is no attraction to Mr. GLADSTONE, since, great as are their abilities, they are of the same stamp as his, and he must be conscious that his are greater. A Conservative leader with far feeble talents than DISRAELI might have commanded Mr. GLADSTONE's services at once if he had possessed some qualities of a not uncommon kind. If he were simple, sincere, and straightforward, it would not have mattered that he was a thought stupid, a trifle prejudiced, or even that he did not always quite understand the arguments of his political antagonists. These gorgeous intellects, brilliant with gold, silver, and raiment of many colours, are often created to stand on the footboard behind minds of plain Oxford mixture. It is a pity and a public danger that the most glittering intellectual livery of our day is found assiduously following a gentleman in downright drab.

IMPERIAL RESTLESSNESS.

MR. BRIGHT and his followers are always denouncing the malignity of public writers who insist that the country shall not, like the hunted ostrich of tradition, escape from the consciousness of danger by hiding its head in the sand. The wickedness of keeping up national animosities, and the profligate encouragement of fiscal extravagance, are certainly not excused or palliated by the interested motives which are ascribed to the alarmist portion of the press. It is well known that journalists affect distrust of France only because the aristocracy have a vested interest in the increase of taxation. It has, indeed, never been explained how poli-

tical writers partake in the out-door system of relief which constitutes or regulates the foreign policy of England; and as Mr. BRIGHT generally asserts that his anonymous enemies live in garrets, it is evident that they are contented with a modest share of the common plunder. It cannot be denied that, on the other hand, they have done more to arouse national vigilance than their more fortunate accomplices in the privileged classes; but hitherto their efforts have been confined to the organization of a defensive system. There is, perhaps, something to be said for an opinion lately published in an organ of the Manchester Rump, that it is unjust to tax trade for the purpose of protecting English landowners against the seizure of their estates by French Zouaves; but it can hardly be asserted that a householder who bars his own door is as criminal as if he were to break into his neighbour's premises. The warlike writers of France are by no means in the habit of confining themselves within the limits of defensive precaution. Their vast army and enormous fleet relieve them from the necessity of urging on their Government the necessity of military preparations, so that ingenious speculators have only to suggest fields of employment for the forces which are certainly not required at home. France is not likely to be in want of an idea as long as any territorial arrangement in Europe admits of a plausible scheme of re-adjustment. It was formerly thought that possession conferred the securest of titles, and that almost any state of peace was preferable to almost any conquest; but the avowed, unavowed, and disavowed pamphleteers of Paris excite universal sympathy when they coolly propose enterprises which would, under the most favourable circumstances, involve several years of European war.

The most recent projector of the kind is one of the lightest and liveliest among the less serious class of professional writers. In his preface, M. ABOUT is careful to disclaim all official authority, and to declare that his back is too stiff and his hearing too dull for bending down to listen at keyholes in antechambers. The author of the *Roman Question* is not supposed to have been equally exempt, six months ago, from august inspiration, and it happens that the part of his proposal which relates to Eastern Europe has lately formed the favourite subject of conversation even within the precincts of the Tuileries. It is scarcely worth while to inquire whether M. ABOUT's belief that his suggestions would be acceptable in high quarters was founded on distinct instructions or derived from the unassisted exercise of his own sagacity. When English writers support the organization of Rifle Volunteers or the formation of a Navy Reserve, they are at least not open to the charge of provoking bloodshed for the sake of currying favour with their own Government. It is highly probable that some of the inflammatory pamphlets which are published in Paris are altogether unauthorized, but all alike bear the stamp of that Imperial policy which consists in never leaving the world alone for three months together. Nothing is easier than to suggest emendations either in the map of Europe or in any other picture of existing circumstances and relations. French ideas of symmetry and fitness would be gratified by the transfer of Gibraltar and Corfu to the neighbouring States, and of Malta to some unnamed occupant. It is not worth the while of an ingenious pamphleteer to remember that the operation would involve an expenditure of hundreds of millions sterling, and the death of hundreds of thousands of men. Even the despised Turks are not to be talked out of Constantinople, nor is Austria likely to surrender Galicia without a war. To propose that great Empires shall give up portions of their dominions without compulsion is as insincere as it is idle. The vanity of France would not be gratified by any project which was to be carried out except by force of arms, or by submission to threats of violence. A proposal for the voluntary evacuation of Malta is understood, and is meant to be understood, as a project of war with England. No English writer has, in his most indiscreet moments, ever hinted at an aggressive war against France; and if it were proposed to give Algeria to Spain or to Italy, the suggestion would naturally be regarded as an offensive menace. It seems not prudent to dispense with defensive preparations in the neighbourhood of a country where corresponding projects for the employment of 600,000 men are frequent and popular.

The political press of France appears to find consolation for the absence of freedom in the consciousness of seconding the Imperial designs against the independence of Europe. Cynical patriots are willing to submit to checks and disavowals which they believe to be portions of a fraudu-

lent diplomatic system. They know that turbulence and uncertainty are always in accordance with the policy of the Government, and if they are for a time required to use smooth language, they rejoice to believe that their forced moderation will be temporary as well as insincere. The free journals which, notwithstanding the absence of social freedom, exist in England, have the merit of expressing their whole meaning so as to leave nothing behind. No well-informed Frenchman entertains a doubt that the English nation is unanimous in its desire to maintain friendly relations if the Imperial Government frankly renounces its policy of disturbance and aggrandizement. The distrust which may be increased by foolish and mischievous publications is sufficiently justified by the ostentatious mystery which the Emperor NAPOLEON habitually maintains. In the Ottoman Empire, on the Rhine, and on the Belgian frontier, there is reason to apprehend more or less proximate designs, and even in Italy there is no assurance that the partial benefits arising from the war will not be counteracted by French caprice and violence. Notwithstanding the seizure of Savoy and Nice, the North Italian Kingdom has not yet been recognised at Paris, and the envoy of the dethroned Prince of Tuscany is still received in a diplomatic or confidential character at the Tuileries. The French General who has taken command of the Papal army daily receives countrymen of his own as comrades; and there is too much reason to fear that in any conflict with the national forces of Italy LAMORICIERE might count on the whole French army as his reserve. It is highly probable that the dreaded arbiter of Continental Europe is himself uncertain as to almost every branch of his future policy. It is enough that he renders all neighbouring Powers anxious and uneasy, and that he has always at hand two or three alternative opportunities of armed interference. There is little satisfaction in paying several millions a year for insurance against the possible vagaries of an unsteady ally, but the expense of locks and bolts is attributable, not to the selfish cupidity of locksmiths, but to the dangerous propensities of burglars.

A SECOND POGRAM DEFIANCE.

ENGLISH public opinion occasionally does considerable injustice to the Americans when it condemns the scandalous scenes of which their Legislatures are the theatre, but omits to inform itself of the provocation by which these outbreaks were produced. It really seems to us that American oratory is more in fault than American character, for, disgraceful as are the outbursts of passion which sometimes diversify a debate in Congress, we have always found them infinitely more reasonable and intelligible than the speech they interrupted. Few things seemed more shocking to us all than the famous assault on Mr. SUMNER, the Senator for Massachusetts, which exercised so serious an effect on the contest between FREMONT and BUCHANAN. Mr. SUMNER is known on this side of the Atlantic as a refined and educated gentleman; yet the speech which so enraged the Southern representatives was a positive miracle of bad taste, and indeed in some of its metaphors ran close upon downright obscenity. The same remark holds good of a scene in Congress which has just been exciting the wonder and disgust of this country. A Mr. LOVEJOY, in the excitement of debate, stepped close to the benches of his Democratic adversaries, and was driven back with violent gestures and a perfect tempest of execration. Yet the disturbance was perfectly natural. Startling as it is, when the SPEAKER requests members to resume their seats, to have a gentleman reported as calling out "*Order that black-hearted scoundrel and nigger-stealing thief to take his seat, and this side of the House will do it.*" one is tempted to suspect that the English House of Commons, under similar provocation, would have scarcely behaved itself with greater decency. A full report of Mr. LOVEJOY's speech has now come to hand. It far transcends anything O'CONNELL ever addressed to Conciliation Hall, or FERRAND to a dinner-table of intoxicated farmers. We do not know what are the proper English equivalents of "black-hearted scoundrel" and "nigger-stealing thief"—Mr. BRIGHT can probably supply them—but we are much mistaken if they would not have been flying across the House of Commons long before Mr. LOVEJOY had concluded, if he, or anybody coming near him in oratorical characteristics, had been haranguing that not too patient assembly.

The debate was on Utah, and the policy to be followed in dealing with the Mormons. The Mormons, by the way, are

a great god-send to the American Republicans, since to every argument of the Southern slaveholders contending against the right of Congress to interfere with the organization of society in the territories of the United States, they are able to rejoin with the question whether the same immunity is claimed for Polygamy as for Slavery. It is probably out of compliment to the subject in hand—and it is the only respect he pays to it—that Mr. LOVEJOY's tropes and allusions are generally taken from the softer sex and the domestic affections. The passage which follows contains his argument against inherited Slavery:—

I want to know by what right you can come and make me a slave? I want to know by what right you can say that my child shall be your slave? I want to know by what right you say that the mother shall not have her child, given to her from God through the martyrdom of maternity? Hear that soft exquisite warble of a mother's love:

Ere last year's sun had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, ah! so lovingly,
Its tiny wings upon my breast.

Now, where is the wretch who would dare to go up and take that fluttering and panting birdling from the bosom of its mother, and say, "It is mine; I will sell it like a pig?"

In the United States all the products of thought have one characteristic in common—their lengthiness. Lengthiness is a quality distinctively American. Their speeches are long, their State Papers are long, their epigrams are long. An American volume of the slightest pretension is conceived on such a scale that it never seems to come to an end. The following piece of eloquence, which bears the same stamp as that last quoted, contains the longest metaphor which ever, we suppose, set the teeth of a deliberative assembly on edge:—

A young man leads a blushing bride to the altar, and takes the marital vow before God and attendant witnesses to love, cherish, and protect her. There she stands—the divinest thing that God has fashioned and placed upon earth—radiant in the beauty of youth, her cheek glowing with the colour of the rose, which expands and fades away into that of the lily; her eyes sparkling like the stars from the depths of blue, and her tresses falling around her neck like the locks of the morning. Is the mole on that fair, round neck, or the wart on that plump, soft hand, THE WOMAN whom the bridegroom swore to love and cherish? Say, Sir, is it? So there is the Constitution—instruct with freedom, radiant with the principles of universal liberty, seizing the inspired utterances of our *Magna Charta*, and reducing them to practical and organic realization. Now, Sir, I insist that if the clauses that are deemed to refer to the subject of slavery mean all that the wildest enthusiast claims them to mean, they bear no other relation or proportion to the Constitution which I swear to support than the excrescence on the hand or neck does to the woman whom the bridegroom vowed to love and cherish. He loves her not for these things, but in spite of them. So I love the Constitution; not in consequence of these things which are alleged to be in it, but in spite of them. But you will say, the woman had a right to sport an excrescence on her hand, if she chose. I concede it; and as a Federal law-maker, I concede that the States have a right to sport this fungus of slavery, because it is beyond my reach. But time rolls away. This youthful pair have years of middle age upon them. Olive plants have sprung up around the parent stem. The woman has gone mad. She glows over the excrescence which has spread and covers her entire hand. She exclaims, "Husband, this is a dear, sweet darling, a real love of a wart, and I want to ingraft it on the hands of all our daughters. I had it when I was married; you vowed to protect me, and I claim the right to transfer it to all the children. If you do not, I will go to Indiana and get a divorce. I will dissolve the union between us." The husband, calm and firm, replies, "My dear, I have indulged you in this whim about your hand, because I took you for better or for worse, and I thought it one of your individual rights which I was not at liberty to disturb. But, if you propose to transfer this deformity to the daughters, I say distinctly and decidedly it cannot be done. This is my prerogative, and I must exercise it." So I say to slavery propagandists who desire to transplant slavery to the Territories, and thus fasten it upon the daughters of the Republic, "My dears, it cannot be done."

Another passage quite relieves Mr. DICKENS from the charge of having caricatured American rhetoric in his representation of Mr. Pogram's eulogy on Mr. Chollop:—

Now, what about John Brown? This affair of John Brown brings us to the reality of things. This raid confronts us with slavery, and makes us ask, is slaveholding right? and if so, what rights has it? When the curtain rose and startled the nation with this tragedy, John Brown lay there like a wounded lion with his head upon his paws, a sabre cut on his brow, bayonet gashes in his side, the blood oozing out, and life itself apparently ebbing fast; around were certain little specimens of the canine species, snuffing and smelling, and finally one of them yelped out: "Mr. Lion, was the old war-horse that pastured on the Western Reserve with you on this expedition?" The lion slowly raised his head, cast a disdainful side glance upon the inquirer, growled out a contemptuous negative, and reposed his head as before. In regard to John Brown, you want me to curse him. I will not curse John Brown. You want me to pour out execrations upon the head of old Ossawatimie. Though all the slaveholding Balaks in the country fill their houses with silver and proffer it, I will not curse John Brown.

A little further on, Mr. LOVEJOY astonished his opponents by breaking out with the exclamation, "I tell you, I love 'you all.'" The sequel was a metaphor still grander than those before it:—

Mr. LOVEJOY.—I tell you I love you all.

Mr. McQUEEN.—I utterly repudiate your love.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—Sinners did that of Christ; but he loved them still.

Mr. McQUEEN.—I do not think he loves you much.

Mr. LOVEJOY.—I am afraid that I am not much like Him. He went, however, and preached to the spirits in prison; and I think I never approximated so nearly to Him as in this regard, while making proclamation of the holy

evangel of God to sinners in this House. I tell you of the Slave States that you must emancipate your slaves. It belongs to you, and not to us. You must transform them from slaves into serfs, and give them homes, and protect and guard the sanctity of the family. We shall not push you. If you say that you want a quarter of a century you can have it; if you want half a century you can have it. But I insist that this system must ultimately be extinguished. There is no question about it. You who advocate the perpetuity of slavery are like a set of madcaps, who should place themselves on the top of an iceberg which had disengaged itself from the frozen regions of the North, and begun to float downward and downward through the warm climates. The sun shines and melts it; the soft winds blow on and melt it; the rains descend and melt it; the water ripples round it and melts it; and then these wild visionaries, who fancied they could sail an iceberg through the Tropics, start up and blaspheme sunshine, and rain, and zephyr; and, mouthing the heavens, tell Jehovah that, unless He stops the shining of the sun, and the blowing of the winds, and the falling of the rain, they will crumble His universe "from turret to foundation-stone." Do you not think God would feel bad? and would not the archangels tremble at the chivalry?

Our last extract shall be one which reads as if textually copied from *Martin Chuzzlewit*:—

Every slave has a right to run away, in spite of your Slave-laws. I tell you, Mr. Chairman, and I tell you all, that if I were a slave, and had I the power, and were it necessary to achieve my freedom, I would not hesitate to fill up and bridge over the chasm that yawns between the hell of Slavery and the heaven of Freedom with the carcasses of the slain. Give me freedom. Hands off. Unthrottle that man. Give him his liberty. He is entitled to it from his God. With these views, I do not think, of course, it is any harm to help away a slave. I told you that a year ago.

The æsthetical characteristics of this amazing speech would be attributed by most people to the individual peculiarities of the speaker, but we are bound to say that they are found, though their degree is less, in almost every effort of oratory reported of late by the American newspapers. It seems to us that the level of deliberative eloquence has wonderfully declined in the United States since the deaths of WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and CLAY followed each other in rapid succession. Americans, we need not say, are especially proud of their oratory, and certainly, if an American and an Englishman were picked by hazard out of a crowd and forced to make a speech about nothing in particular on the spur of the moment, the chances are a great many to one that the American would acquit himself fairly and the Englishman break down in his first sentence. Englishmen are, in fact, not taught to speak at all. The best schools of oratory in the country are the Unions of Oxford and Cambridge, and even they are frequented by a small minority of undergraduates, and never pretend for a moment to compete with other fields of distinction in our Universities. An American boy, however, learns to speak almost as soon as he learns to read. He plays at oratory and works at oratory through his whole period of education, and we have heard that no prize at the American colleges is half so much envied as the conventional pre-eminence accorded to proficiency in speaking. It is probably to this training that mature American orators owe their peculiarities, for their faults are decidedly those of schoolboys on a very exaggerated scale. The height at which the language keeps steadily above the thought, the weakness and length of the metaphors, the confusion between the ornaments proper to poetry and the ornaments proper to prose, the emphasis and extravagance of praise and blame, are precisely the blemishes which every schoolmaster finds in nine out of ten of the themes sent up by his cleverest scholars. Facility and fluency are dearly purchased by American speakers at the expense of a perpetual liability to lapse from good taste, sound sense, and sobriety of expression; and if the sensibility which rebels against being bored is not quite extinct across the Atlantic, we should imagine that the best part of the American public would not be sorry to exchange its wealth in ready speaking for the comparative penury of eloquence which distinguishes this country.

THE STATE OF THE NAVY.

IF the Admiralty were capable of being roused to a fitting appreciation of its own shortcomings, Lord LYNDHURST's warning voice should have broken the dream of self-satisfaction with which that complacent department seems to contemplate its own performances. It is well that we have an orator who, by the force of the simple eloquence of facts, is able on occasion to sound an alarm which none can hear without attention; but it is humiliating that those to whom is committed the most urgent of all duties—the maintenance of the naval pre-eminence of England—should need such incessant spurring to keep them from flagging in their course. Inadequate as are the preparations which the Duke of SOMERSET was able to announce, the mere circumstance that we are not so utterly destitute of men and material as when Lord LYNDHURST last raised his warning voice seems to be

officially considered a sufficient answer to all complaints. It is always so surprising to hear of any kind of spontaneous effort on the part of the Board of Admiralty that the slightest indications of energy are apt to be welcomed with an enthusiasm which is accepted in official quarters as a full condonation of all deficiencies. Neither the Lords nor the Commons seem to have been generally aware of the extent to which the nursery of future seamen had been fed by the late increase in the number of boys on board the fleet. There is nothing so very wonderful in the fact that some 8000 lads are now in course of training in the ships of the Royal Navy. But the addition to this class is, so far as it goes, altogether right, and both the FIRST LORD and the SECRETARY to the ADMIRALTY made so much of this one achievement as almost to come off with flying colours from Lord LYNDHURST'S crushing criticism. Another unfailing resource was adroitly used for the occasion. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but in some matters they are unfortunately perilous also. The charge brought against the Board—or, to use a word more in harmony with the tone of Lord LYNDHURST'S patriotic speech, the warning addressed to it—was founded entirely on the contrast between the present strength of our navy and the duties which it may any day be called upon to perform. The answer vouchsafed was a comparison between what the navy is and what it has been. Anything more idle than this routine way of estimating the responsibilities of a time like the present can scarcely be imagined.

Both in ships and in men Lord LYNDHURST pointed out a serious deficiency. We are now strongest where a year or two ago we were most behindhand. England, it seems, has fifty line of battle ships against forty of the same class afloat or building in the French navy, and at least as many more belonging to other Powers which, in the event of a maritime war, would be not unlikely to join their forces with an enemy of Great Britain. It would have been difficult to maintain that this amount of force was sufficient for a country which ought in naval strength to be at least a match for any two opponents. But a comparison took the place of argument. A few years ago we had but thirty sail of the line, and who could doubt that the addition of twenty more redounded greatly to the credit of the Admiralty? In frigates, as the Duke of SOMERSET acknowledges, France alone surpasses us even more than we could overmatch her in line of battle ships. Every one knows that considerable progress has been made during the last two years; but while even the material strength of the navy is only about on a par with that of France, one can scarcely sympathize with the weakness which prompts the Admiralty to exult in what it has already done, instead of pressing on with unabated energy to complete the task which as yet has only been begun.

There is no trace in the estimates of the Admiralty of any distinct standard to regulate the amount of work to be done. When the reign of NAPOLEON III. was inaugurated with the Report of a Naval Commission, a perfectly intelligible standard was set up for the ultimate strength of the French navy. It was to be sufficient to dispute the empire of the seas with England, or, at the very least, powerful enough to render an invasion possible at any favourable moment. With a clear perception of what he meant to do, NAPOLEON has laboured for ten years to realize this ambitious programme. At one time he had almost succeeded, and if the means had not been found to disturb the slumbers of our Admiralty, the grand aim of naval equality with England would have been completely achieved. This is the fruit of a steady adherence to a distinct programme. Why should not there be something of the same system on our side also? After all the discussions on the subject, no one can even guess what is the test by which the Admiralty measures the sufficiency of the British navy, or within what time it hopes to come up to its own ideal. A superiority over France of ten liners, balanced by a greater numerical inferiority in frigates, can scarcely satisfy even the Duke of SOMERSET. Nevertheless shipwrights are daily discharged, and the only excuse is that that there were more men at work last year in the dockyards than at any previous time.

But the lack of ships is nothing compared with the scarcity of men. The mainspring of the whole machine is defective. Up to this moment there is substantially no reserve of first-class seamen, with the exception of a few thousands of the Coast Guard. Lord LYNDHURST asked why the recommendation of the Committee that this force should

be increased to 12,000 had been utterly neglected, and the stereotyped comparison was again resorted to as an all-sufficient answer. There are a few more Coast Guards than there were, and that being so, it would be most impertinent to inquire whether the number is as large as it would be advisable to maintain. In fact, the contrary is admitted by the sort of promise which is held out of a further increase; but nothing is to be done at once, because the privilege of an appointment to the Coast Guard is always offered first to old man-of-war's men; and, as there are not many candidates of this class at present, the country is to go without a reserve, which is urgently required, until a sufficient number of able seamen have grown tired of active service.

The ultimate reserve—the volunteer force of 30,000 men whom it was proposed to retain—is below 1000, and this more than twelve months after the report of the Committee which recommended the formation of an important force of this description. It may very possibly come to pass that the numbers tempted by the remuneration offered will, after some years, afford a respectable reserve; but who can say what may happen in the meantime? And the first difficulty is not the greatest. The chief reason assigned for not giving still more liberal terms is that if the position of Naval Volunteers were made too good it would be impossible to induce them to give up at once their retaining fee and their earnings in the merchant service to come on board the fleet, and put up with the comparatively meagre remuneration of able seamen in the QUEEN'S service. Unfortunately, this observation, if well-founded (as the Duke of SOMERSET, probably with good reason, conceives it to be) renders it impossible to rely upon the reserve, even if it should be filled up to the desired strength. The chief sacrifice on joining the fleet would not be the loss of the retainer, but the difference between private and national wages. A fee of 1*l.* or 1*l.* 10*s.* a month would, according to the Duke of SOMERSET'S estimate, be more than a sailor could be expected to give up when summoned to active service. On the present plan he will have to surrender a retaining fee of 10*s.* a month, and perhaps twice as much in consequence of the difference of wages; and if, in the majority of cases, the honour of the Reserve men should prove superior to this temptation, their services will scarcely be of so cheerful a character as if they were allowed to risk their lives without submitting at the same time to pecuniary loss. Happily, this defect in the Reserve scheme admits of a remedy when the emergency shall arise, but the extreme sluggishness with which the force is recruited, and the intricate regulations by which the suspicions of the men have been ingeniously raised to the utmost, make it difficult to regard the raising of a single thousand men with the same degree of satisfaction which this achievement seems to afford to the Admiralty itself. The public unfortunately persist in comparing the reserve we possess with the force we may at any moment require. The Board, with a more cheerful philosophy, is content to see that our resources are a little stronger than they have been, and to dwell with infinite complacency on this great step which it has taken in advance. It is a pity that this pleasant way of regarding affairs should be neither safe nor rational.

OXFORD LEGISLATION.

AFFAIRS at Oxford seem in general to be going on admirably well. The elections to Fellowships under the new Statutes are conducted with a regard for merit which is unimpeached, except in the single instance of All Souls, and which is gradually producing its natural results in the improvement of the Colleges as places of education. The open scholarships, recently created in large numbers, and bestowed with the same integrity as the Fellowships, are fast drawing the flower of English youth into the University, while their increased income affords a real assistance to those who are in need. Colleges which till lately took almost no part in the work of education are now filling with students; and a fresh life of usefulness has been breathed into some of the noblest foundations of the land. Industry is unquestionably on the increase among the juniors, and among the seniors symptoms of greater literary and scientific activity and more enlarged intellectual interests are beginning to appear. The working of the free constitution of the University disappoints the fears of those who imagined that one of the greatest corporations in England could not discuss its

own affairs without talking floods of irrelevant nonsense. If the new studies do not greatly flourish, it is not so much from the want of will as the want of power in clerical colleges to embrace in the circle of their tuition subjects alien to the purposes of a clerical life. The University feels the sap circulate anew in all her veins, and undertakes to improve the education of the middle classes of England as well as that of her own students—an enterprise which, though not in our humble opinion very judicious or very promising, shows at least the consciousness of restored vigour, and a determination to become an active power for good.

This being the case, we have less hesitation in noting what we think rather a relapse. A very stringent statute for the licensing of lodging-house keepers was passed the other day in congregation, by a majority of nearly two to one, and has only with great difficulty been prevented from passing Convocation. This statute made the keeper of a lodging-house in some degree the moral guardian of the student lodging with him. It required him to lock up his house at a certain hour, and to report to the authorities of the College if a student came in after that hour, or passed the night out of his lodgings. It interfered with the commercial liberty of the keepers of lodgings as to the periods for which their lodgings were to be let. It prohibited them from furnishing provisions to their lodgers, in such stringent terms that, construing the words literally, a student arriving in Oxford after the College kitchen and buttery were closed, would be unable to get a meal. On the other hand, members of the University were to be so jealously restrained from lodging in the town without permission, that it would have been difficult to see, under the terms of the statute, how a man who might happen to be in Oxford for a night could go to an hotel without presenting to the hotel-keeper a formal permission from the Head of his college. The object of the whole was to prevent immorality in lodging-houses. Now in the first place, does such immorality exist to a degree at all calling for extraordinary measures of repression? If it does not, fidgety legislation on the subject is in itself an evil. It sets people fancying—what they are already prone enough to fancy—that our great places of public education are terribly licentious, and that parents can only send their sons to them at a risk of moral corruption which is a heavy set-off against intellectual cultivation. Some recent works, painting facts with the freedom of fiction, have helped to give colour to such a fancy; but we believe it, as far as Oxford is concerned, to be quite unfounded. Immorality and blackguardism, of course there are, and will be to some extent; and parents will never do wisely by plunging into the necessary temptations of a university youths who have shown a total want of sense and self-control at home. But we believe those who have the best opportunities of judging consider the standard of morality at Oxford to be high and rising. Increased intellectual industry, and a growing taste for manly exercises, such as was required to produce the University Volunteer Corps, are at once a source and a proof of moral soundness. It is in vacant minds and morbid bodies that the filthy and emasculate spirit of libertinage is wont to take up its abode. If, indeed, great evils of the kind pointed at in the statute did exist in the lodging-houses of Oxford, it would be incumbent on the University to meet them by some more efficient remedy than this cobweb legislation. But there are few who believe this to be the case; and those who do believe it have probably had their imaginations fired by the revelations of penitents, who are a little apt not only to overcolour the delinquencies of their own previous lives, but to rodomontade about the habits of their fellows.

In the second place, we must say that the University has no right to throw on the lodging-house keepers such a weight of responsibility as this statute would involve. The reports which a lodging-house keeper would have to make would in some cases lead to the rustication of the student. Every motive, as well of kindness as of self-interest, would conspire to suggest the evasion of such a duty. Infinite paltering with conscience, infinite lying, would result; and that must be rather a technical code of morality which, to prevent the occasional evil of an undergraduate passing the night out of his lodgings, would run the risk of tempting to habitual mendacity the whole class of lodging-house keepers in Oxford. The freedom with which certificates of character are given by College authorities to undergraduates whom the College refuses to keep any longer, and who wish to "migrate" to a Hall instead of leaving the University, ought to be proof

enough that pity, even when unassisted by interest, will put a kind construction on cruel laws. And it must be remembered that the lodging-house keeper is not bound to the undergraduate and his parents by that relation of educational trust which ought to place the integrity of College authorities above all temptation. His connexion with the undergraduate is simply a commercial one, on which the framers of the statute seek incongruously to engraft something of the relation and responsibilities of a tutor. The system existing at Cambridge, which may be cited as a precedent, is, if we are rightly informed, not so much a precedent as a warning, and its inveteracy is probably the best plea for its continuance. But at Cambridge the lodging-house is, to a certain extent, incorporated in the College system, and the lodging-house keeper is made a sort of College functionary—the students living in lodgings through their whole course, instead of going into them for a term or two at the end of the course, as they do at Oxford. We cannot help thinking that the impropriety of imposing such a burden on the consciences of tradesmen would be more clearly seen, if a habit of carelessly imposing burdens on conscience had not been engendered at Oxford by the lavish use of tests and promissory oaths. The Colleges have entire control over their own men. Let them exercise it by forbidding undergraduates of whose good character they are not satisfied to live in lodgings—or, if they really think life in lodgings so dangerous, by taking no more members than they can accommodate within their own walls.

But the grand objection to such legislation as this is, that it treats men as boys, and tends to substitute the shadow of monastic restraint for the real safeguards of a student's life. The undergraduates and Bachelors of Arts whose virtue is to be secured by this Statute are generally above twenty-one years of age. Many of them are on the point of migrating to lodgings in London, where there will be not even a proctor, much less a gate bill, to interfere with their tendency to come home late. Surely they have reached the point at which the corks ought to be removed from the swimmer; and no place can be better for that critical process than one in which every man is a good deal under the eye of his fellows, where no one is exposed to the temptations of solitude, and where proctorial authority keeps the *irritamenta malorum* at least in a subdued state. Such legislation as that of which we have been speaking will not effectually place the student under the restraints which guard a boy, and yet it may prevent him from feeling the responsibilities of a man. What has your training through three years been worth to him as a Christian, as a gentleman, or as a free citizen, if at the end of it you have to place him under the supervision of the tradesman in whose house he lodges? Does all the moral and religious apparatus of a College—the chapel, the compulsory attendance at lectures, the constant admonitions of the Dean, the voice of reproof heard from the Head at Collections—lead only to such a result as this? In a year or two the spiritual guidance of a parish may be confided to this man whom you are now afraid to trust without the surveillance of those whose superior in every respect he ought to be. The genuine old monastic system at Oxford, as elsewhere, was in its day a great practical institution. It went straight to its mark. It guarded effectually every hour of the student's day, and the avenue of his every sense; and it at least produced an immaculate automaton, if it did not produce a virtuous man. A mediæval founder would no more have thought of allowing his recluses to live in lodgings at all, than of authorizing them to give a little dance in the College-hall, and invite the nuns of Godstow to it. But the monks of Oxford in the nineteenth century will soon be engaged in the austerities of Commemoration. Academical legislators cannot too studiously bear in mind the fact that they have to deal, not with the Middle Ages, whose shadow still lingers in their quadrangles, but with modern society and modern life. Not childish restraint, but manly industry, is now the root of the student's virtue. To encourage manly industry should be the first aim of the moral as well as the intellectual reformers of Oxford. And they will best achieve this aim by cordially promoting (what, unhappily, some of the most earnest of them do not cordially promote) such a generous system of education as shall make the pursuit of knowledge really attractive, not only to those who have a turn for philology or mathematics, but to all the various minds which the University, if she is worthy of her name, must expect to embrace within her pale.

GAMBLING.

THE Bill for the repeal of Sir JOHN BARNARD'S Act curiously illustrates the imbecility of past legislation on a subject of which stock-jobbing is only one out of many forms. With more or less of honesty of purpose, a vast number of statutes have been passed from time to time with the professed object of preventing, or at any rate of discountenancing, all transactions that savoured of gambling. The greater part of these enactments have been merged or repealed by the Acts of the present reign, but the principle of the whole series of legislative efforts in this direction has been the same, and the more or less complete failure of these generally well-meant measures suggests the inquiry how far it is desirable or possible to repress gambling by penal enactments. Parliament is now asked to repeal a statute which has been in force for more than a century, not because its provisions are supposed to be injurious, but simply because it is, on the face of it, inconsistent with a project for raising revenue by a penny duty on transactions which the law has hitherto refused to recognise. If an incidental advantage of this character justifies, as we think it does, the repeal of an Act purporting to check immoral and pernicious dealings, it is a fair question whether the whole class of statutes which have aimed at the same general object, and have failed as signally as Sir JOHN BARNARD'S Act, ought not to be condemned with it.

In itself, gambling, pure and simple, whether with dice or in the betting-ring, or by wager policies, or by means of fictitious bargains on the Stock Exchange, will find few apologists; but it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the mainspring of commercial enterprise—the spirit of legitimate speculation, as it is called—differs rather in degree than in kind from the motive which keeps up the practice of the most absolute gambling. Mr. PULLINGER'S speculations on the Stock Exchange were just as much gambling as if he had employed his stolen money in backing the thimble which did not cover the pea. Risk for the sake of gain is the essence, not only of dishonest gaming, but of the most regular enterprises of the most prudent merchant. Of course there is all the difference in the world between the rogue who speculates with other people's money—or, what is nearly the same thing, without having any means to pay if the event should prove unfavourable—and the merchant who incurs only a reasonable and prudent risk with the fair expectation of profit, and almost the certainty of having capital sufficient to cover his losses, however unfortunately his ventures may turn out. But the same spirit of gambling or speculation—call it what you will—lies at the root of honest trade and systematic gaming. You cannot, therefore, if you would, extirpate the evil of gambling, root and branch, without destroying the very life of commerce. The man who imports a cargo of wheat in expectation of a coming scarcity is a benefactor to his country; but he does not pretend to act upon any philanthropic motive, and, if asked why he entered upon the speculation, would say that his only inducement was the expectation that corn would rise to such a price as to leave him a profit on the transaction. He takes the risk of loss for the chance of gain, and however cautious his calculations may be, he is, though not in any offensive sense, essentially a gambler. Even the speculative dealers in stock and shares—when their business is conducted with prudence, and without running any excessive risk of becoming defaulters—are, in their degree, useful members of society. Many who would be reluctant to associate the ideas of gambling and ordinary commerce would feel no hesitation in applying the opprobrious term to the most reputable of stockjobbers. And yet, if any stigma is implied, this would be most unjust. A class of men always ready to buy and sell stock at the prices of the day, reserving to themselves a moderate margin of profit on their dealings, are as serviceable in maintaining a steady price for such securities as a person who buys and sells corn, or any other commodity, is in his own department of trade. But both alike, according to any strict philosophical definition, must be reckoned as, in some sense, gamblers. If, therefore, the Legislature is to interfere at all with dealings supposed to be tainted with the spirit of gambling, it ought, above all things, to be careful to repress nothing which comes within the province of legitimate traffic, and is attended with incidental advantages by regulating the prices of the market. This is what Sir JOHN BARNARD'S Act and a great many other statutes of a similar ten-

dency endeavoured to do. The object was to strike at all transactions where no commodity passed, and where the bargain was only a wager clothed in the form of a commercial contract. To buy and sell stock which is never intended to be transferred is nothing more than to bet on the prices which will rule at a certain future day. To insure the life of a person in whose existence you have no interest, and by whose death you would lose nothing, is simply to make a wager as to the number of years which he will live. Both of these transactions are instances of gambling without any incidental benefit, and are utterly indistinguishable in principle from a bet on the Ascot Cup or the fight for the Championship.

Time bargains and wager policies have both been prohibited by the Legislature in statutes which stigmatize such offences in terms sufficiently abusive, and impose penalties abundantly severe. But the result is that time bargains flourish as much as ever, and that any one who wished to back LOUIS NAPOLEON to survive for a given number of years the possible attempts of assassins and all the other dangers of his career, would be able to effect a policy for the purpose without the smallest difficulty. The total failure of any repressive measure is enough in itself to justify its immediate repeal. Upon this principle Sir JOHN BARNARD'S Act is now doomed, and some other enactments might very well be swept away along with it. But there are stronger reasons than the mere inutility of such attempts at repression why they should at once be given up. There are only two weapons which the law can use to discourage bargains which it wishes to put down. It may attach a penalty to the offence, or it may declare the bargains void, and authorize the loser in such a speculation to refuse payment, or even to recover back the money he has paid. If such provisions operated at all, the effect would be, not to prevent the mischief, but to leave persons practically at liberty, first to enter into illegal contracts, and then to cheat the customers with whom they have dealt. Betting may be a very pernicious and demoralizing practice, but to bet and pay is less immoral than to bet and repudiate, and the aim of many of the Acts against gambling seems to be rather to make gamblers dishonest than to extirpate them altogether. This has not been to any great extent the result of such legislative interference, but only because society was strong enough to make and to enforce laws for the regulation of dealings upon which the tribunals of the country refused to adjudicate. The Jockey Club and the supporters of the Ring have their own codes and their own methods of enforcing the honest performance of illegal contracts; and the Stock Exchange has, in its Committee, established a court whose decrees are obeyed as well as any that issue from the LORD CHANCELLOR or the fifteen judges. Any section of society is always able to organize itself into a separate community, to pass its own private laws, and to enforce them by penalties and rewards more effective than all the terrors of the law. A stockbroker may legally refuse to pay his losses upon a time bargain, but if he does so he is liable to expulsion from the body to which he belongs—a sentence which is little short of ruin. The indirect effect of outlawing the Stock Exchange has been to give it practically a jurisdiction of its own, not only over illegal bargains, but in the general adjustment of the affairs of its members. If a broker becomes a defaulter, his assets are administered within the walls of the Stock Exchange, upon a principle which naturally gives a preference to creditors who are members of the House. The strongest inducement is afforded to the defaulter to play into the hands of the Committee by the prospect of being reinstated and started afresh in business if the liquidation proceeds to the satisfaction of this private tribunal. In short, the law and the Stock Exchange have proscribed each other, and the victory has not been with the Courts of justice.

The moral suggested by the history of Sir J. BARNARD'S Act is, that it is worse than useless to prohibit contracts which society chooses to enforce. Neither wagers, nor time bargains, nor policies without interest, are really prevented by penal legislation; and it would be a more dignified, if not a more beneficial, course to give up a contest in which the law is invariably defeated. There is one form of gambling which the Legislature can to some extent succeed in checking. Institutions formed for the especial purpose of holding out temptations to gaming—and very often, as a consequence, to speculation and other crimes—are fair enough game for penal statutes. It is idle to prohibit betting in private, and immoral to sanction the non-payment of a bet when made; but

it is both easy and right to put down betting-houses and lotteries, and even the more fortunate hells which, for some mysterious reason, are generally allowed to escape the visitations of the police. The practice of gambling, in some shape, must and will survive; and the whole of our law upon the subject might with advantage be confined to the prohibition of mere gambling establishments. A measure framed on this principle would be more philosophical than a Bill to repeal one of a group of statutes merely because it happens to stand in the way of a project of Mr. GLADSTONE'S; but piecemeal legislation has always been the rule in England, and the law on gambling will scarcely be made consistent with itself until some new inconvenience shall bring about the repeal of all the statutes which rest upon the same basis as Sir JOHN BARNARD'S abortive Act.

AFRICAN SHERRY.

AFRICAN sherry is in one way the most suggestive of liquids. Of its merits as a beverage we do not pretend to speak. We never had the pleasure of meeting any of those enthusiastic toppers who are represented in the pictorial advertisements as gathering round a cask of the precious fluid and fairly lost in the excess of their delight and astonishment. But we believe that African sherry is what it pretends to be. It is sherry, it is grown in Africa, and it is sold at the remarkably low figure of two shillings a bottle. Sherry of some sort or other is thus brought to the poor man's door, and we will only hope that the ultimate consequences to wives and daughters may not be of that harrowing description which lately frightened the gin-sellers into a formal execration of cheap wine. It is because it is sherry, and very cheap, that we think it suggestive. Its introduction stands as a prominent type of a great process that is going on every day and in every possible field of thought. Things that used to be exclusively enjoyed by the rich and the educated are now offered to the partially washed, and the very partially instructed. Whatever makes a name in high circles is reproduced in a slightly altered form in low circles. The ingenuity of those who live by pleasing the masses is always striking out some new form of cheap sherry, and it is not uninteresting to consider how this is done, and what is the value of the metaphorical sherry when compared with the price at which it is offered.

The popular lecturer is the most familiar purveyor of these dainties adapted to the million. Not long ago there was a lecturer who engaged, for a very moderate remuneration, to lecture on any subject that might be chosen. Few are quite so bold, but there are always a set of people who undertake to address any audiences that will pay them on the greatest and most difficult topics. The biographies of very eminent writers seem the favourite themes both of the speaker and the hearers. Every market town is visited, in the course of the year, by a flight of these growers of imitation sherry, who undertake, for a shilling or sixpence a head, to narrate the personal histories, explain the leading thoughts, and criticise the chief works of Bacon, Milton, or Addison. They do not hesitate, perhaps, to doctor their outpouring with a slight infusion of the coarse brandy of rubbishy moral reflections, but generally they go honestly into the business, and grow whatever conceptions of the Baconian philosophy and *Paradise Lost* their rather thin soil is capable of producing. They say something about induction—say it funnily, if possible, but at any rate say it. The provincial bacon-eaters for the first time in their lives hear of the *Novum Organon*, and are invited to compare the merits of wet and dry light. They are cheered when they are told of the idols of the market-place, and resolve to keep a look-out for them there. They are rapidly hurried through the varied scenes of Bacon's life—despise him heartily for taking bribes, although they are rather gratified by hearing sums so large spoken of as accessible to any man, good or bad—and finally vow that nothing shall ever induce them to stuff a chicken with snow. The lecture is over, and they have had their sherry, and the discourse provokes exactly the same reflection as the African wine. If a man has tasted no sherry but African sherry, has he ever tasted sherry? If a man has only heard about Bacon in a lecture, has he ever heard anything about Bacon? The answer is doubtful, but in both cases there is a result attained which is undeniable. The drinker of African sherry enjoys the elevating thought that he is drinking sherry. He realizes the great fact that sherry exists. He is lifted into the select region of wine-bibbers. He very permissibly confuses Xeres and the Cape, and his views of human life, of the possibilities of things, and of himself, are enlarged. So a listener to a lecture on Bacon gets at least a dim notion that there was such a man as Bacon, that he thought a good deal about some very hard things, and that other people admired him for thinking. This is a gain so far as it goes. If a man is not educated to be a philosopher, it is something that he should once in his life be encouraged to smack his lips over a philosophical decoction. There is a community of mind between him and his better-instructed neighbours which henceforth he dreams of, and which he now thinks might have been more apparent if he could have got at his sherry earlier. Like the African beverage, this philosophy flowing from lectures is gene-

rously shared by the purchaser with the members of his family. His wife and daughters are invited to quaff at the stream of wisdom, and they too embrace faint and rudimentary theories of the Baconian induction. Sometimes, we fear, their heads are a little turned by what they hear, and the family finds that it has had rather too much of a good thing; but ordinarily moderation is secured by the extreme smallness of the quantity offered them. The lecturer has not much sherry to give them, and they cannot brew it for themselves, and so very little harm is done.

There are people, again, who offer African sherry out of pure benevolence. They cannot believe that real sherry is adapted to the multitude, and so they put what they admire into what they term a popular shape. This is very common in literature. Some one reads and likes a book, and as it were boils it down to the size of his own understanding, and accommodates it to the flavour of his own palate. If he could but give it this form permanently, it would suit others, he thinks, as well as himself. It would, indeed, suit them better, for does he not prove that he is on the level of the great book by the interest he takes in it? As an instance, we may take a life of Dr. Arnold which has lately appeared. Canon Stanley, long ago, wrote a biography of that great schoolmaster which was admirable in its way, and is as popular as a book need be. But a lady of the name of Elizabeth Warboise thought it would be a good idea to make a little book out of the large one, and put the plan before herself as a duty of benevolence. That a life of Dr. Arnold should be written for the million seemed to her indispensable. So she set herself at once to grow her African sherry. The vintage could not have been very difficult to rear and gather, as she proceeded to get her crop in this way. The simple narrative of Dr. Arnold's life, his tastes, his loves and hates, his pursuits and his enjoyments, are all sketched by Canon Stanley with a fulness that never degenerates into prolixity, and with an easy grace and unassuming dignity suited to the man who is the subject of the story. His strong opinions, his great aspirations, his ambitious theories, and his singular pugnacity are explained, stated, and illustrated by his biographer, but are not criticised, condemned, or approved. The greatest pains are taken to let it be known what Dr. Arnold felt, thought, and believed; but the reader is encouraged to judge for himself what are the value and truth of all that he finds ascribed to the Head Master of Rugby. This is the real sherry. The Warboise or African sherry is of a different growth. The facts of Dr. Arnold's career are summed up with the methodical minuteness proper to an analysis of history, and there are many parts of the book which read very much like the epitomes of the Second Decade of Livy. Dr. Arnold's tours on the Continent are stated with the naked simplicity that appears in the summary of the Volscian wars, and the progress of the school is put succinctly into black and white, like the results of a census. The thoughts and theories of Dr. Arnold are not only stated as positively as possible, but are often recast in the mould of a rampant Puritanism. We confess that the difference of the two sheries strikes us as extreme. For although the million do, in the Warboise summary, get an account of Dr. Arnold for a trifling sum, they do not get anything like his real life. What men think is often not so material as how they think. It is all-important to know what are the nice limits of expression they allow themselves, with what other opinions each principal opinion is connected, and how they have come to the point at which we find them. A bad summary of a good biography exactly omits all this. The Amontillado flavour is entirely gone, and the liquid that is actually offered is a sherry which can scarcely answer the purposes which the real beverage so admirably served. We very much wish that the next lady who conceives it to be her duty to boil down a good book for the million would buy a bottle of best African, and while she sipped its contents would reflect that here she has the emblem of what she proposes to produce.

There is also a tendency in all literary expression to repeat itself, and to assume both a higher and a lower form. The connexion between the two is of all degrees of nearness and remoteness. We pass from the works of distinct authors, one of whom is decidedly superior to the other—and who write alike, and yet who seem to write in the same way simultaneously, and not because the inferior imitates the superior—and we come down to writings which are just above avowed imitations, and are produced by the admirers of an original author who lose their individuality in their excessive admiration for him. Perhaps Mr. Tennyson and the American poet Longfellow furnish as good an example as we need seek of authors connected by a likeness that cannot be ascribed to exact imitation, and yet is due to the representative of the more African sherry being penetrated with the thoughts that are floating through the mind of the representative of the purer brand. Longfellow has an originality that cannot be denied, and yet he always seems to walk in the groove cut out for him by Mr. Tennyson. The analogy of the two sheries becomes much more close when we come to such a pair of books as *Tom Brown* and *Eric*. Perhaps the author of the latter tale did not exactly imitate his greater rival, but his account of public schools, and his notion of boys, are eminent examples of African sherry when contrasted with their counterparts in *Tom Brown*. Even if the two books were entirely independent of each other, all we can say is, that nature, at the same time she produced the genuine article fit for clean and practised palates, also threw up an article suited to vulgarer tastes. Either

by chance or design, the higher and the lower kind of grape sprung up together. By easy gradations we pass into the region of authors who almost consciously imitate—who would not perhaps allow that they have no originality, but who would acknowledge that they are enraptured with some model. Mr. Gilfillan, for instance, has written several volumes in humble imitation of the thoughts and language of Mr. Carlyle. These volumes were, indeed, not mere imitations, for they were threaded with a vein of weak sentiment, and stuffed with rhapsodies that Mr. Gilfillan had some pretension to call his own, and therefore they deserve to be counted as African sherry and not as mere imitations of sherry. But they were introduced under the shelter of the reputation generally accorded to the genuine article, and would probably have had little success, or never have existed, unless their readers and their author had possessed a secret confidence that they were Carlylese sherry in their own humble way. When imitation becomes conscious it is almost impossible to pronounce. Experience shows that when a well-known writer with a peculiar style edits a magazine, contributors imitate with the most singular devotion the mannerisms of the editor. The contributors to *All the Year Round* seem to think that Mr. Dickens would never endure a sentence that was not cut after the shape he has invented; and two-thirds of the writers in the *Cornhill Magazine* show their admiration for Mr. Thackeray by sending him page after page reproducing his thoughts, embodying his philosophy, and often travestying his style. We wonder whether so good a judge of wine likes all the African sherry that he has officially to swallow.

It must be acknowledged that this metaphorical African sherry is not generally very attractive to the fastidious, for whom it was never intended. Public lectures by minor professional performers, and lives of great men written for the million, and imitations of popular authors, seem very poor and repulsive things to those whose long familiarity with purer sources of knowledge has made them nice in their drinking. Few bores in life are so annoying as the bore of hearing the choicest thoughts of great men, that ought to be meditated on in silence, blurted out from the repeating machines of pig-headed admirers. But all this has to be endured, unless we wish instead to have something equally impossible and undesirable. If we could divide society, as it might once have been divided, into the highly educated many and the wholly uneducated few, we should not need any means by which the partially educated might be accommodated with what they want. If every one was either to drink the nuttiest and fruitiest wines or else Old Tom, there would be no room for African sherry. But, for a variety of good reasons, we have decided that education shall not be confined to the few, and if it is widely extended, the infinite variety of degrees to which it will be carried will practically demand that knowledge and wisdom should assume an infinite variety of shapes, and, among others, very mean and imperfect shapes. If people are to be decoyed out of drinking gin exclusively we may be very content that they should have a wine within their reach, which, after all, is wine. The philosophy of the thing, we may feel sure, is to drink ourselves the best sherry we can get hold of, and to applaud the arrangement by which other people have a beverage offered them that suits their capabilities, comforts them for the present, and educates their taste for the future.

PAIN.

ONE of the most curious and characteristic peculiarities of the age in which we live is the popular view of the infliction or permission of physical pain. That it should be regarded with universal dread and dislike is of course perfectly natural; but for many years past people have gone far beyond this. That anybody should be in pain, and not be immediately relieved—that sharp pain should ever be inflicted on any one under any circumstances—that physical discomfort, in the shape of bad health, or habits tending to produce it, or in almost any other shape, should ever be allowed to exist undisturbed—shocks and scandalizes people in these days, and makes them exclaim against the contrast which such facts are said to bring to light between our professed Christianity and our real indifference to suffering. For many reasons, this state of mind is worth notice, especially because it is, comparatively speaking, so new. Men have always shrunk from suffering, and possibly the inclination to do so is not stronger now than it has been at former periods; but the universal sensibility to it and intolerance of it which shows itself in all quarters in these days is comparatively modern. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries people were certainly not less religious than they are at present, but they were not the least scandalized by scenes which in the present day would be intolerable. Flogging, branding, and other corporal punishments of the most severe kind—the pillory, for example—were exceedingly common, whilst an unhealthy prison excited no remark at all. "The Puritans," to quote one of Lord Macaulay's most pungent antitheses, "objected to bull-baiting not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." The grounds and the reasonableness of our present feelings on the subject afford a curious subject for inquiry. It should be observed, in the first place, that the object of our dislike and disapprobation is narrower than might have been supposed. There are many kinds of suffering to the infliction or permission of which no greater repugnance is felt at present than in former

times. It is principally to acute pain and to physical pain that the objection is felt. If it is either mental or chronic, our humanity is comparatively little troubled by it. This is well illustrated by the tone which every one thinks it necessary to assume in writing or speaking of torture. The word itself is a reproach; and to assert that it is inflicted or permitted in any case whatever is to bring against those whose conduct is so described as heavy a charge as can well be devised. However right this feeling may be, it is not very reasonable, for there is no doubt whatever that practices equivalent to torture are constantly carried on without exciting scandal. A strong instance of this occurs in France, where, though the abolition of judicial torture was looked upon as one of the greatest and most unquestionable benefits of the Revolution, a proceeding which is essentially identical with it is in full practice without any sort of remonstrance at the present day. In the last century, when a man was strongly suspected of crime, wedges could, under certain circumstances, be driven between his legs and a case in which they were enclosed, until he confessed his guilt. This is no longer lawful, yet it not only is lawful, but is the ordinary course of criminal justice, to keep a suspected man without trial in solitary confinement for the express purpose of getting evidence from him as to the crime of which he is accused by reiterated interrogation. It is obvious that many cases might arise in which a few turns of the thumb-screw or a certain number of wedges in the boot might be a far less evil than prolonged solitary confinement; yet a very polished and susceptible nation, which was utterly horrified at the one infliction, is quite indifferent to the other. Something of the same kind may be observed in our own country. A military flogging is not nearly so severe a punishment as penal servitude, and desertion is as great a crime as ordinary thefts; yet when a soldier is flogged for the former offence, far more attention is attracted and far more sympathy elicited than when a labourer is sentenced to penal servitude for the other. A parallel might be found in the case of exhibitions. A prize-fight is denounced as brutalizing and disgusting because two men severely beat and bruise each other in public, and because there is a good deal of blood to be seen; but if a man walks a thousand miles in a thousand hours, though he strains his bodily powers much more severely, and risks far more serious and permanent injury than the prize-fighter, the exhibition may be described as foolish, but is never stigmatized as brutal.

From these illustrations, which might be indefinitely multiplied, it appears to follow that the form of humanity which is so characteristic of the present day is averse not so much to all suffering as to suffering in its acute and picturesque form. We shrink not from the notion that a fellow creature is unhappy, but from the idea of cutting, tearing, or bruising flesh and limbs like our own. Tenderness for the sufferings of our own imaginations is constantly confounded with, and is probably at all times an element in, the disapproval which is excited in us by hearing of the infliction of pain on others. It is hard to say how far this feeling accounts for the language which is in common use amongst us in reference to such matters. That it has much more to do with it than people in general are willing to suppose, seems to follow from the fact that arguments are hardly ever brought forward upon the subject. People rely entirely upon two or three standard phrases to express their abhorrence of the permission or the infliction of acute bodily suffering. When, for example, we read of cruelties practised, or said to be practised, by despotic Governments, the "instincts of humanity" are appealed to. General Haynau, it was said, flogged women. The instincts of humanity, it was supposed—and to judge by the result it was rightly supposed—were revolted by the mere mention of such an atrocity. No one asked what the woman who was flogged had done. The act in itself was considered as condemned by its own atrocity. If any one asked the question why women should not be flogged if they deserved it (a question to which there are, especially in our own time and country, a variety of sufficiently satisfactory answers), he was always met by an appeal to instinct. It never occurred to those who gave the answer that even in this country such an instinct is of very modern growth, and that a hundred years ago the flogging of women was quite compatible with the instincts of Englishmen, and was not unfrequently practised. The instinct, therefore, is not an ultimate fact—an unchanging and perpetual element of human nature—but only the particular sentiment of the present generation; and thus the degree to which it ought to be allowed to prevail and extend is still a question for discussion. Another expression of the same kind, which comes a little nearer to being a reason, is found in the word "brutalizing." A prize fight, it is said, is a "brutalizing" exhibition. Flogging is a "brutalizing" punishment. It is no doubt true that to inflict pain on a man is to appeal to his animal nature in a very direct and emphatic manner, and this may be done in a way and to a degree which will either ignore or supersede his spiritual nature; and it is also true that to come to look upon the suffering of another merely as a source of that sort of enjoyment which some people derive from excitement of any description, would be to reach as degraded a condition as can well be conceived. But neither of these is the necessary consequence of the use of sharp physical pain for particular purposes. They rather result from the mode and degree of its application.

When the subject is approached with calmness and impartiality, it will probably be found that there are principles upon which

the permission and infliction of the most severe sorts of physical pain may be regulated, and that our present habits of thought and feeling have gone a good deal too far in the direction of putting a veto upon its use in all cases whatever. The objections to pain as a punishment, or to exhibitions which involve pain, are no doubt very substantial. No punishment varies so much in amount, none affords such scope for tyranny, for bad temper, or for malignity and cruelty of disposition. It is moreover irremissible when once inflicted; and it is usually too short to admit of much permanent influence being brought to bear on the person who suffers it. All this, and much more, is sufficiently familiar to persons who care to understand the principles of punishment. The other side of the question is not so familiar, and the fact that it has fallen out of sight is, on many accounts, much to be regretted.

In the first place, it deserves a certain degree of notice that, according to what may be called the dispensation and constitution of nature, pain may be expected to have its place and its uses. It is the great natural check by which men are governed; and it exercises, perhaps, a stronger moral influence than any other power in the world. No one can have witnessed the moral results of severe pain consequent upon illness or accident without seeing that no known power is so searching and so extensive in its range. The lessons which are taught by discomfort and suffering are wonderfully valuable. There is no other school in which things are set in their true light and rated at their true value so completely. In some respects, physical is even more instructive than mental pain. In every form of mental suffering, the operations of the mind are themselves the source of the pain felt, and thus, while it lasts, the mind does not reflect upon it or confront it; but bodily pain, being external to the mind, by confronting and assaulting it, teaches it lessons which have more chance of being remembered than almost any others. It seems foolish to throw away this great resource in punishing those who are the proper objects of punishment merely because it pains those who inflict it as well as those on whom it is inflicted, especially when we remember that, as an element of punishment, it has many recommendations, such as brevity, emphasis, and great convenience and cheapness. The real reason which indisposes people to the infliction of pain is the suffering which the spectacle produces on society at large. This, however, so far from being a valid objection, is to some extent a positive advantage. It is right and desirable that people should see themselves and the world in which they live as it really is. It is not to be wished that whatever is wrong and bad in the world should be penned off from the rest of the community in a sort of moral cesspool. It is, on the contrary, a good thing that people should see the results of the bad influences which society engenders, and should undergo the pain of witnessing or hearing of the infliction of the necessary penalties. A somewhat more precise acquaintance than is commonly possessed with some of the secrets of prisons and hospitals would make many of us sadder, and most of us wiser.

With regard to exhibitions which involve physical pain, a distinction may be suggested which it is well to bear in mind, though its application in practice may be difficult. There can be no doubt at all, on the one hand, that to learn to bear pain patiently, and to acquire a certain degree of indifference to it, is a very high and most valuable accomplishment; and much of the admitted importance of athletic sports is derived from the fact that they have a considerable influence in this direction. To bear with good temper the kicks incidental to football, the bruises of a boxing-match, or the fatigue, distress, and sore feet which result from long walks and climbing over mountains, is a very substantial and important advantage; but it is possible to carry such practices to a point at which they become evils, because they invest the power of enduring pain with more importance than it deserves. Pain is not the evil of evils, and ought not to be recognised as being so. If it is, the higher forms of courage are lost. This is well illustrated by the discipline of the Spartans and by the voluntary tortures of the North American Indians. The Athenians were an overmatch for the former, and Europeans for the latter, though an Indian will undergo, merely for the credit of the thing, tortures the description of which it is sickening to read, and which no white man could endure at all. Courage is not the mere absence of fear, but is an active principle, and can only be fostered by a certain generosity and liberality of treatment which is incompatible with a training by which too much importance is attached to mere physical suffering.

TWO CAREERS.

THIS generation has had the privilege of assisting at the spectacle of two careers as remarkable in many ways as the world will ever witness. Taken by itself, each of them is sufficient to perplex the moralist who wishes to believe that in the nineteenth century honesty is the best policy. Taken together, the two histories might almost lend a colour of verisimilitude to old and now obsolete theories of an occult destiny, a natal star, and a planetary hour. They are tales of extravagant self-assertion, justified in two extraordinary cases by miraculous success. Five-and-twenty years ago, the hero of each, in the eyes of society, was an enthusiast if not an impostor, a visionary if

not a madman. He had to contend against a broken reputation and the ill-disguised contempt of the world. Insurmountable obstacles seemed to close against him the door of even moderate fortune. Yet at an early age both had formed wild schemes for universal conquest. There are some men who, in moments of unnatural excitement, entertain projects of unlimited ambition. Few have had dreams as splendid as the strange characters whose stories present so wonderful a parallel. None have ever more boldly announced their full-fledged intentions to the public, or more loudly proclaimed their determination to be satisfied with nothing short of complete victory. To be conscious of energy and talent for which the world will not give one credit is the lot, no doubt, of many who go down to their graves without an opportunity of proving the correctness of their estimate of themselves. It is but seldom that the most presumptuous of adventurers has the courage or impertinence to avow openly his presentiments of coming greatness, as well as the good luck to justify them by the event. Future ages will rank among the strangest romances of real life the confident youth and the triumphant manhood of Napoleon III. and Benjamin Disraeli. It is not wonderful that rumours (whether well or ill-founded who can say?) should for some weeks past have spoken of a secret sympathy between two spirits so audacious and so vulgarly successful. It is not our purpose to speculate upon the probabilities of a political *liaison* which, did it exist, might flatter the vanity of the Conservative leader, but would only serve to amuse his countrymen. But the possibly baseless whispers which are floating about on the subject suggest at least the reflection how like in many points have been the fortunes of two men who have played a striking and an equally reputable part in the annals of their time. The means by which both have grasped the object of their ambition are not dissimilar. And if the contrast affords the slightest gratification to Mr. Disraeli, it will be because he is one of the few Englishmen who would envy the honours or admire the morality of the present Emperor of the French.

Both of these two men who, by faith in themselves, have removed mountains and won a battle that others would have abandoned early in the day as desperate, of their own accord have supplied us with a key to their own characters. When Napoleon III. was an exile and an outcast, he wrote in a book the programme of his future life. The manifesto of the *Idee Napoleonienne* was long since published to the world. Arrived at the pinnacle of human power, its illustrious champion has been able to amplify and realize the theories which he promulgated while unnoticed and obscure. Each prophetic dream in that dark volume is day by day finding its fulfilment. Nor has the "idea" of Disraeli the Younger been without the corresponding advantage of being interpreted by its own author before he was either famous or successful. We turn the pages of *Vivian Grey* and its kindred romances, and we there read all the prognostics of their writer's destiny. There stand in ineffaceable characters his moral code, his political creed, and the ideal policy of the future statesman. Human nature, it is true, is at best a puzzle. Man's inner self changes with circumstance, and the juvenile indiscretion of a novelist should not be taken as too full an exposition of the method and belief of the matured man. But there are books that are a complete index to the mind that created them. It is because we know the author that we know that the work is indubitably his. It is for the very reason that Mr. Disraeli reminds us so forcibly of his novels that we accept them as a fair commentary on his career.

That career, like the career of his Imperial counterpart, began amidst clouds. Thick darkness and unutterable obscurity were well nigh burying for ever the glories and the aspirations of the young enthusiasts. The history of both at its commencement is the history of frantic and premature attempts to achieve before the fulness of time the notoriety for which each sighed. Laughter, loud and inextinguishable, broke from the amused spectators of the scene, as effort after effort for distinction proved abortive. The pitiless ridicule which had followed each fruitless struggle rendered the next more dangerous and difficult. It is no easy thing to win a crown, and no easy thing to pluck the laurels of an English House of Commons. The very grandeur of their designs seemed to make failure more contemptible; and it is only in rare instances that those who begin by being ludicrous end by being great. The repeated *fiascos* of the present Emperor of the French were not more apparently a proof that their hero was only born to move the mirth of his contemporaries than were the youthful ebullitions of the genius of Benjamin Disraeli. The latter had his expeditions of Taunton and of High Wycombe, as the former had his Strasburg. Mr. Disraeli invaded the House of Commons breathing fire and flame, with as melodramatic an air and as little success as that with which his antitype burst upon Boulogne. Even the Imperial episode of the tame eagle did not provoke more derision than did the first Parliamentary onset of the future English politician. He is an adventurer, and a ridiculous one, men said of Mr. Disraeli. Of Louis Napoleon, men said that he was a fool. The hour was fast approaching when both Mr. Disraeli and Louis Napoleon were to have the laugh upon their side. Both, made wiser by adversity, had learned to wait and bide their time.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the means employed by the respective candidates for power in their progress towards the desired goal. Suffice it to say that, though the critic might consider them unscrupulous, he could hardly fail to allow that they

were triumphant. If Louis Napoleon was a Republican for a year, Mr. Disraeli was a Chartist for a month. Their subsequent modifications of their views were possibly honest, and undoubtedly expedient. The admirers of each are content to bury some portions of the tale in oblivion. Indeed success causes many failings to be overlooked. There are some that cheer to the echo each oratorical invective pronounced in the English Parliament against the French ruler, who have already forgotten that they have themselves sworn allegiance to a leader whose past will not bear too close an inspection. But the past of such men is never entirely obliterated. It cleaves to them like an avenging fury. It sits behind the bold adventurer, as Black Care sat of old behind the gallant cavalier, renders suspected his best professions, and thins the number of those that would believe in his disinterestedness. Indeed the political creed of which each was the representative from the first was not calculated to inspire the commonplace mind with confidence. It professed to be the reconciliation of two opposite poles of sentiment. Only the initiated can understand the apparent inconsistency of a Despot who is a Democrat, and a Conservative who is a Radical. Yet Napoleon III. is a democratic despot, and Mr. Disraeli was, and perhaps is still, a Radical Conservative.

The party of Young England, of which the latter was the founder, just as Lord John Manners was its poet, is based on the same kind of seeming paradox as French Imperialism. The popular fibre, as it has been called, is deeply engrained in both. Their prominent and common characteristic is that they are anti-oligarchical. Accordingly, both are congenial creeds for the political adventurer. The Orleanists and Bourbons are the natural enemies of the one, just as the Whigs are of the other. The aristocracy, said Mr. Disraeli (meaning thereby the country gentlemen as distinct from the great Whig families), and the working classes are the nation. The Emperor and the French masses, so holds the Imperialist, are France. "The nation's natural leaders" are to contribute government, and those below are to contribute confidence. The working classes return the country gentlemen, and the country gentlemen frame the laws. The masses elect the Emperor, and the Emperor protects the masses. The country gentlemen may be Tories, but they are adored by their tenantry. The Emperor may be reactionary in his policy at home, may crush the press, and repress intelligence, but he rules in virtue of his people's will. Happy patriarchal systems, designed by a beneficent Providence for the welfare of nations and the triumph of true genius, in which Genius governs and the nation is but too happy to acquiesce! But Genius, once enthroned, no longer needs to appeal so often to popular support. In 1842, Genius and Young England were all for universal suffrage. But the Whigs became no longer all-powerful, and universal suffrage became no longer necessary. The expression of the national voice is only desirable when the triumph of the "nation's natural leaders" is to be secured. As for France, she has found her natural leader some ten years ago.

Political theories like these are intelligible enough when simply stated, but it has been the business of the two great adventurers in question to east round them a halo of mystery. Had they been part and parcel of the religion of Mumbo Jumbo, bigger words could not have been used about them. Our heads whirl when we endeavour to collect from the Imperial speeches or the Imperial works what the French Empire is and what it is not. It is peace, it is civilization, it is religion, it is progress, it is liberty, it is order. As for Conservatism, each new oration of Mr. Disraeli is devoted to defining it afresh, to the never-ending delight and bewilderment of his supporters. His very oratorical style, like that of his Imperial counterpart, is calculated to keep his admirers in a vortex of enthusiasm. It deals in grand and broad generalizations, in ponderous antitheses, in magniloquent maxims, in apparent paradoxes. Does Mr. Disraeli publish a manifesto to his constituents, and through his constituents to the nation, not even the French Emperor could put more startling abruptness into every sentence, or fewer sentences into every paragraph. Each expression is meant to be a sonorous epigram. "Organized hypocrisies," "monopoly of turpitude"—such are the kind of sounding compounds with which he rounds his periods and disconcerts his foes. Mr. Disraeli's most studied sentence might figure in an Imperial speech. Napoleon III. has said few things which might not have been said by Mr. Disraeli. The orator who pompously proclaims that England does not love coalitions, had he been a Frenchman, might have told us that France is the only country which makes war for an idea. Nor is their literary manner less remarkably alike. Both have written, and written much. For politicians, both write well, yet neither perfectly well. Their style is brilliant, yet bombastic, in parts decidedly effective, too pointed to be easy, generally verbose, yet seldom fluent. They are too keenly political to be good *littérateurs*.

Their success has been the success of two characters strongly resembling one another. Each is, and loves to appear to the world, the personification of all that is mysterious. A silent worker, taciturn, grave, and determined, he holds communion with few besides himself. A political Ishmael, he loves and trusts few, and perhaps is loved and trusted of none. Each conceives his plans in secret, broods over them in secret, launches his thunderbolts on a sudden, silently watches them explode, and enjoys apart and in secret their effect. Absorbed in himself, impatient of interruption, requiring no suggestion or support,

the one presides at his Council of Ministers with the same reserve and abstraction that the other brings to bear upon the tactics of his party. A master of manoeuvre, unembarrassed by considerations of political integrity, each, as far as politics go, is a being without morality, not because he is radically vicious, but because he feels none of those conventional restraints to which other men submit. He will stoop to intrigue, inspire covertly a pamphlet, and use his fellow-men as machines, to effect a purpose. To possess great power is his sole ambition. Has he impulses? Who knows? Has he generous outbreaks of sentiment? Who can tell? If there were not reason to think that Napoleon III. has feelings of real sympathy for Italians, and Mr. Disraeli for Jews—that the former hates in his heart, and on principle, the Orleanists, and the latter the Whigs—one would be tempted to believe that each was pure passionless intellect, and nothing more.

Mr. Disraeli wrote last week to inform us that he had not been received by the French Emperor at Plombières. "That sagacious Prince" has not, hitherto at least, been brought into personal contact with that more than sagacious statesman. The star of the House of Disraeli is not yet in manifest conjunction with the star of Napoleon III. On many grounds the thing is to be regretted. History has lost an opportunity of recording how the great "Asiatic Mystery" was introduced to that Imperial Idea which is the greatest of European enigmas. Though our own prophet does not enjoy sufficient influence in his country to warrant us in supposing that the meeting would have had eventful consequences, in many respects the interview would have been curious. Each of the two most respectable Cagliostro, from his own experience, might have related to the other strange anecdotes of the fatuity, the credulity, and the magnanimity of mankind. Each might show how those that sin much are sometimes forgiven much. The dialogue would have been more interesting than any which Lucian or Landor has given us. Each might have exclaimed once more, as each has exclaimed in public before now, that Genius, to be true Genius, must understand its epoch. Each would have smiled as he thought how happy for both had been the theory which teaches that guidance should come from above and confidence from below. Unfortunately, the rencontre has not taken place. A narrow sea still separates the two Great Brethren of the freemasonry of politics. Each for the present remains at his lonely post to fulfil his mission, and to juggle with the storms that seem to be gathering round him. For if the position of the French ruler, from its very nature, must always be perilous, the hold which Mr. Disraeli still retains upon the affections of his Conservative subjects is becoming day by day more precarious. Symptoms of disaffection in his own camp may well disquiet the soul of the English adventurer. The conjuror must perform fresh feats of dexterity, or he is lost. The old paradoxes, the well-known epigrams, the ancient mysteries of his craft, cannot last for ever. Will he fall, or will he triumph to the end? Time alone will show. But if he fall to-morrow, it is not without having consummated one more victory, as marvellous as any he has consummated yet. When Mr. Disraeli was young and a novelist, could he have imagined that the day would come when he would be called upon to contradict the story that he had been privy to the plans of the greatest crowned head in Europe? It is a proud moment for Vivian Grey when he is suspected of collusion with an Emperor.

THE PAPER-MAKERS ASK DELAY.

IT is possible that the paper-makers may profit by the discussions on the Reform Bill. In one sense, indeed, their profit is not only possible but certain. Paper-makers, and paper-makers alone, will benefit by the publication of interminable debates, which have long since vanquished the perseverance of the most indefatigable of constant readers. But in another sense also, it may turn out that the paper-makers have to thank verbose dulness for the interest it has kindly taken in improving the representation of the people. The interval which has elapsed while the fate of the Customs duty upon foreign paper has remained undecided, may perhaps have proved sufficient to procure for them better terms than at first it appeared likely they would obtain. It is stated that negotiations are proceeding actively with France as to the details of the commercial treaty, and it is hoped that it is not yet too late to persuade the French Government to accede to an equitable adjustment of the point in which the paper-makers are deeply interested. They say, very fairly, that we ought to endeavour to induce France to allow rags to be exported at a moderate duty, and that we ought not unconditionally to repeal our own import duty upon foreign paper, but rather to maintain it for a time in the hope of obtaining from foreign States some concession as the price of its abolition. It will of course be said by thoroughgoing free-traders that other countries must be left to deal as they think fit with their respective tariffs, but that our import duty upon paper must come off because the principles of free-trade condemn it. But however this doctrine may commend itself to political economists, commercial men cannot easily be brought to see the force of it. They say, and with some apparent reason, that the course of proceeding announced by Government may be statesmanlike, but is not businesslike. They think that if any subject still remains upon which it might be possible to drive a bargain with the French Government, Mr. Cobden and his assistants ought to be instructed to do their

best accordingly. They suggest that we have been sufficiently magnanimous, and that a little worldly wisdom would now be seasonable. So far from approving of the proposal to take off the import duty upon paper pending our negotiations for reducing the export duty upon rags, they think that it would be the part of a thrifty trading nation to raise the existing penny per pound duty to twopence—so that we may have more to offer, and therefore be better prepared to deal with the acute foreigners who will surely give us nothing for nothing, and will not even appreciate our logical consistency and our thoughtless generosity, if we persist in displaying those untradesmanlike qualities before the eyes of apathetic Europe.

Now we believe, as we have before stated, that the English paper-makers will be able to hold their ground in spite of the most adverse determination of foreign countries in relation to their claim to free-trade in rags. But at the same time the paper-makers have our entire sympathy in the strenuous efforts which they are making to obtain access to the Continental rag-markets. If the French Government can be induced, either by Mr. Cobden's skill in bargaining or by other means, to allow of the exportation of rags at a moderate duty, we think that it will have made a just and reasonable concession, which is likely to be imitated by other States, and which will prove highly valuable to the English paper-makers. It is not necessary to become a convert to the arguments which we combated last week, in order to perceive that the opening of extensive foreign markets for their raw material would be an immense advantage to them. We cannot, however, help remarking that the very men who are most certain that no more rags can be obtained at home, entertain the most sanguine expectations of boundless supplies from abroad, if only the prohibitive duties could be abolished. They represent, for example, that rags are not collected in France with the same care that they are in England. It seems that the Emperor is to be solicited to add to the pacific glories of his reign this—that he first taught his subjects to recognise a great social institution in the rag-bag. We had thought, indeed, that that discerning Prince had already perceived the political importance of the rag-merchant. It has certainly been stated by Sir Francis Head that the *chiffonniers* of Paris were Imperialists because the price of rags under the Empire was higher than it had been under the Republic. But it seems that in the provinces people do not care about the price of rags, and so Imperialism has to stand upon its other merits. Such, at least, is the opinion of the English paper-makers; but for our own part we do not believe, however conducive in other respects the French Empire may be to the welfare of mankind, that it was needed to teach the frugal French people to preserve their rags. Nevertheless, let the experiment be tried. On one side of the water the English Church, and on the other side the French Empire, are to be employed in enforcing this great duty of collecting material for the paper-mills. As for the French manufacturers, the Emperor must settle with them as he best can. The task will not be made easier by delay; and the English paper-makers are probably right in arguing that, if their French rivals are once allowed to taste the advantages of an artificially depressed market for their material, while the market of this country is freely opened to their productions, the conversion of those rivals to sound free-trade doctrines will become even more thoroughly hopeless than it now appears.

Looking to the state of the revenue, which can ill spare the amount of the excise duty—and looking also to the probability that, if the customs duty be precipitately taken off, foreign States will make no reciprocal concession—it seems to be a sound conclusion that the whole subject of the paper duties would very well have borne letting alone for a year or two longer. If the Government measures are carried through immediately and entirely, certain principles will be logically applied, the makers of foreign paper will conceive hopes of increased trade, and the speculators in cheap journals will endeavour to persuade themselves that they really own a property, and not a loss. But we have no very strong sympathy either for logical consistency, or for foreign industry, or for penny newspapers. And on the other hand, we think the country has had quite enough of commercial treaties which were not bargains, and it would be very unsatisfactory to see a further concession promised without inquiry, and yielded without equivalent. The paper-makers do not complain of the duty which, under the new French tariff, will be imposed upon the productions of the English mills. But they contend that, if France taxes her rags, we ought to tax her paper. It might perhaps be prudent to tax, or threaten to tax, foreign paper for a short time, in order to strengthen our negotiators in their endeavours to get rid of foreign taxes upon rags. To this extent the claim of the paper-makers appears to us to deserve attention, although, upon general principles, and looking to a permanent arrangement of the entire home and foreign trade, we do not think their demands well-founded. They would, however, be well content with a temporary suspension of the Government measure until it has been seen what Mr. Cobden and his colleagues can do for them in the French rag-market. It is not in human nature to read the report of the debate in the French Chamber on the Emperor's commercial policy, without feeling that neither logic nor free-trade are potent enough to reconcile this nation to the sight of a neighbour chuckling at its guileless innocence.

Therefore we do not think that the paper-makers need despair of a temporary success. But when the proper time comes for a final settlement of the whole question, they must be content to be exposed to the unrestricted competition of the foreigner—unless, indeed, Mr. Bright's views upon free-trade should have been modified by the imposition in the producing countries of a duty upon raw cotton, or unless Parliamentary Reform should have gone to the length of universal suffrage, in which case the restoration of Protection may perhaps be looked for as the natural operation of a democracy.

A FULL AND FREE DISCUSSION.

MARTYRDOM is exceedingly unfashionable in the present day, and a willingness to encounter it is generally looked upon as the mark of an inferior mind. Most members of the House of Commons, consequently, are in the frequent habit of finding themselves voting for measures which in their hearts they utterly abhor. To accommodate these gentlemen, and to relieve them from their embarrassment, an ingenious arrangement has been devised, almost as hypocritical as the vote itself—it is intended to neutralize. The obnoxious measure is left to a private member to bring in, and the only day in the week on which private members can push forward their measures is Wednesday. Now Wednesday is peculiar among House of Commons' days for this—that whatever subject is in debate, the debate must be broken off abruptly as soon as the hands of the clock point to a quarter to six. If any measure, therefore, has to be opposed which members dislike, but dare not vote against—such, for instance, as Maynooth—the favourite manœuvre is to find long-winded orators who will undertake to drag out the discussion until the fatal hour. This device of talking out must, however, be used sparingly, on account of the exasperation to which it drives the earnest partisans of the objectionable measure. Nothing can exceed the fury, the howls of impotent rage, with which the orator is greeted who rises to bring this manœuvre to its consummation. In fact, to stand up in the midst of the incensed multitude, and utter unmeaning sentences with studied slowness, watching the dial till it shall release you from your pillory, requires an audacity so imperturbable that it is usually necessary to find an Irishman to undertake the duty. Mr. Vincent Scully is one of the most eminent performers in this line, having on one occasion spoken on Maynooth for five hours without a check. Probably, however, until the year of 1860 it never entered into the conception of anybody that this time-honoured manœuvre would be brought to bear against a Reform Bill. Yet it is evident that the policy of the Opposition, both Liberal and Conservative, is to cut the knot of all their difficulties by talking against time. But it raises no angry shouts, no indignant denunciations. Night after night seven precious hours have been devoted to the incessant dribble of political small-talk, lengthened out for the un concealed purpose of delay. Yet no independent member feels aggrieved, and the only protests, rare and perfunctory enough, come from the Treasury Bench. Such is the pass to which a reckless prodigality of pledges has brought the honesty of the House of Commons.

If this strategy is to be continued for the convenience of members and the better evasion of hustings' pledges, some compensation for the Speaker ought to be inserted in the Estimates, for his punishment has become heavier than mortal man can bear. The Reform debates have degenerated into a field-day for small artillery—a galloping ground for untrained bores. The constant attempts at a count-out show what material the oratory is made of. It is a great occasion for the effulgence of stars of the sixteenth magnitude. They are enabled to make that brief appearance in the newspapers which seems to be the highest object of the desires of so many estimable men, and for which they will sacrifice health and rest, and time and money. It is surprising what a small amount of public distinction will satisfy the average ambition of mankind. On any Reform Bill night, about eight or nine o'clock, some dozen men may be seen in different parts of the House, with discomfort of a very acute kind depicted on their countenances. Each of those men, probably, has laboured hard to get a seat upon those benches, and to have the right of jumping up to catch the Speaker's eye. They have been forced to practise zealously all the weary arts of the seeker of popularity. They have probably spent a great deal more money than their fortunes could bear, lived in very uncongenial society, taken part in all kinds of movements with which they had no sort of sympathy, been hail-fellow-well-met with innumerable snobs, and forced their wives to visit and to entertain all the neighbouring bores of their borough or their county. Their presence in the House represents the toil of incalculable civilities, the endurance of many dinners, the weariness of many morning calls. And now they are about to reap their reward. They do not look as if they much enjoyed it, nevertheless. They are all sitting in the attitude which to a practised eye is an infallible premonitory symptom of a speech. There is an expression of stiff misery about it which no other visitation, except possibly cholera or incipient tetanus, could produce. They lean slightly forward, with every muscle tightened, as if they were acrobats about to begin an exhibition, with intent eyes devouring the Speaker's face, their right hands clutching some papers, and only relaxing their hold in order from time to time to wipe the dewdrops of agonized expectation

from their brows. Suddenly the orator who is in possession of the House happens to recollect a sentence of his oration with unusual accuracy, and recites it *ore rotundo*. The effect is magical. No sooner is it out of his mouth than each of the dozen expectants spring up with the velocity of a Jack-in-the-box, and a discordant chorus of "Mr. Speaker," is shouted from a dozen mouths. But it was all a mistake. The peroration was a false one. The orator has a good ten minutes more talk in him yet, and the aspirants have all to sit down again, and resume their expectant postures amid the laughter of their sympathizing friends. Sir George Grey is one of the cruellest and most frequent perpetrators of this practical hoax. His speeches are a long series of false perorations, so that a number of members "bobbing around" mark each succeeding paragraph; and the way in which he stands, with his hat in his hand, pouring out sentence after sentence, looking as if he were on the point of sitting down at the end of each of them, and yet not doing it, is positively heartless. But this condition of springy expectancy drives out of the victim's mind whatever ideas may have ever lodged there. When, at last, one of the dozen competitors does catch the Speaker's eye, and has himself the pleasure of keeping a new set of aspirants on the tenter-hooks, it is difficult to conceive what he hoped to gain by facing the ordeal he has just surmounted. His arguments are pretty sure to be worn out—even his extracts are probably stale. All that he has to say has been said before by some practised debater without the decorations of hem and haw with which he plentifully adorns it. Perhaps, when he sits down, having in vain tried to get even a pretence of attention from a gaping or chatting House, it occurs to him that for this it was scarcely worth while to be so very jovial with the very dirty aldermen of his very dirty borough. It is not till he gets up the next morning and sees his sentiments, couched in very much improved grammar, occupying two or three inches of the *Times*, that he again makes up his mind to sacrifice himself to his country, and consoles himself with the thought that, after all, greatness must have a beginning.

Yet, with all this sack, there has been a hap'orth of bread. There have been at least two speeches from independent members that well repay perusal. Mr. Gregory's description of the results of American democracy will, it is to be hoped, dry up, for some time to come, an abundant fountain of Radical commonplace. There has been something approaching to impudence in the volubility with which the land where every successive Reform Bill has generated a wider one, and where all the true ends of Government have been sacrificed to the passion for equality, has been held up as a model for ourselves. Mr. Walter's lecture to Mr. Bright was still more effective. That gentleman has indeed not wanted for lecturers, if Parliamentary exhortation was likely to do him good. During the whole of this debate he has been a sort of cock-shy for the amusement of the House of Commons—a lay figure on whose unfeeling carcase youthful knights have practised their untried swords. He has been told of his faults with a charming candour that cannot fail to have a salutary influence on his moral being. To judge from the sour face he makes during the administration of the medicine, it must be as unpalatable as it undoubtedly is wholesome. But the pent-up resentment at two years of unprovoked insult is flowing now so genially, that a lunge at Mr. Bright has become the regulation form of a Conservative speech. It is so much a matter of course that as soon as anybody begins with "the hon. member for Birmingham," the house begins to titter. But Mr. Walter's is the only one of these well-intended missiles that has satisfactorily reached its mark. The censure that might be repelled as spite when clothed in angry words and coming from a political opponent, 'old much more heavily in the moderate phrases of a Ministerialist. Whether his arrows will leave any mark on the pachydermatous hide at which they were aimed is, of course, another question. At all events, some good will have been done if Mr. Bright arrives at the conviction that he cannot broadly accuse the classes from whom soldiers or sailors are drawn of encouraging wars and rejoicing in blood that there may be more soldiers' and sailors' pay, without getting in return at least as good as he brings.

Certainly, whatever little merit there has been in the debate must be assigned to the non-official members. Even Mr. Gladstone, for once, brought no accession of strength to his own side. His arguments were strangely weak, his manner still more strangely spiritless. He tried to prove that there was no democracy in the Bill, because the new electors would not of themselves outweigh the old. In other words, he tried to persuade the House that, in any struggle of numbers against property, all the existing electors would be ranged on the side of property. We can only infer that he has sat so long for a University that he forgets what a ten-pounder is like. But he was evidently arguing for a cause he did not like, and, for a statesman he detested. How flat his speech fell upon the House may be gathered from their having permitted a young and little-known member to spend half an hour in answering him after midnight. However, the Bill was read a second time at last, amid the rapturous cheers of Mr. Bright's brother-in-law, Mr. Bright himself being gone to bed; and, amid very much more general applause, it was deferred to a period coinciding pretty accurately with the Greek Calends.

M. ABOUT AND THE MAP OF EUROPE.

M. EDMOND ABOUT has just published an amusing little pamphlet. The subject is, as usual, the map of Europe, and the way in which it should be remodelled. There is no Frenchman of any political notoriety, from M. Emile de Girardin upwards, who would not think himself aggrieved were he prevented from redistributing the Continent. They have all caught the fever from their Emperor. Most Parisians have at bottom a secret longing to set about re-arranging the universe at once. This comes of having a taste for geometry. They are accustomed to deal with triangles and circles, and cannot help treating the kingdoms of the world as if they were so many badly-drawn parallelograms. They try to set everything straight, to tidy up the loose islands, and to put the straggling nationalities into their proper places. When a Frenchman feels indignant at the policy of a foreign nation, he revenges himself by sitting down and giving away Constantinople to somebody. Is he anxious to conciliate or to reassure an ally? he flings him Syria and Egypt. This is a little pleasant excitement for himself, and costs nothing. It makes him feel as if he were Providence, and lulls for an hour or so the poignant regret which each French journalist suffers from the aggravating reflection that he has not been entrusted with the superintendence of the world. M. About has been taken with the malady at last. He has set out on a mission of reorganization. He travels all over Europe and Asia with the coolness and nonchalance of a light-hearted little fly, who thinks nothing of walking over a pair of globes. As a joker of jokes he is most diverting, his fun is goodnatured, and, viewed in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, his small work is worth reading.

The question which presents itself at the outset is, how far is M. About an exponent of the views of more powerful personages? The French press and French political pamphlets are no doubt effective instruments that the French monarch does not hesitate to use for the purpose of ventilating projects which it is not yet time to avow officially, but with which it is desirable that public opinion should grow familiar. But it is excessively difficult to decide whether any particular pamphlet is official, or semi-official, or semi-demi-official, or finally not official at all. Long practice has given the Government of the Tuileries a delicacy of touch and a nicety of manipulation which is thoroughly admirable. It can communicate to any single article or essay the requisite degree of inspiration. A brochure may be disavowed, suppressed, and prosecuted, and yet emanate from the Imperial Cabinet. These measures are only processes requisite for giving it the exact tinge of officiality which may be wanted. M. About's former work was written by the Emperor's order, and yet was seized by the Emperor's police. The character of the production and its influence upon opinion depends in no small amount upon the author and the publisher who are selected to usher it into the world. M. de la Guéronnière stands godfather to the infant publication if it is desirable that the funds should be affected. Then there is M. Grandguillot. Then there are the staff of the *Patrie* and the *Pays*. Last, but not least, comes M. About. He is perhaps the most useful of all, as nobody can pretend to be certain that what he says is not meant for a joke. M. de la Guéronnière and M. Grandguillot are among pamphleteers what the *Moniteur* and the *Patrie* are in the list of journals. What is M. About? He is the Imperial *Charivari*. He is the official *Punch*. Without presuming to decide upon the exact amount of weight to be attached to his latest squib, we may safely conclude that he has been sent up like a light little balloon to feel the currents of air before the bigger ones start.

A chance rencontre at the Hotel du Louvre—such is the supposition with which the facetious allegory starts—brings together over the dinner-table a small party of travellers, each of whom represents one of the great countries of the world. There is a French captain, nephew of a famous lieutenant of artillery—an English lady, the head of a commercial house—an old monk from Rome—a Piedmontese officer with an enormous appetite and a long moustache—a Turk, who is the happy husband of seven hundred and fifty wives—a Russian, a Prussian, an Austrian, a Neapolitan—and last of all an American, who, contrary to the habitual policy of his nation, is content to interest himself in the affairs of Europe on the ground that steam-packets and the march of science render it impossible for us to regard the Atlantic any longer as an ocean. Conversation turns on politics. The newly-made acquaintances form themselves then and there into an extempore Congress. The American fulfils the functions of the chorus in a Greek play. The French captain takes the chair. This important post is at once conceded to him by the little assembly on his own proposal. "Rien," says M. About, with a droll touch of humour, "rien n'est plus docile au fond que les assemblées."

It is generally agreed that the Turk is to have the privilege of opening the discussion. The Turk is desperately sleepy, and would much rather be left alone. But the votes are so unanimous against him—the state of the Ottoman Empire, malgré his recusations, is on all sides held to be so alarming—that he is obliged to accept the unwelcome task, and to propound the solution which seems to him best calculated to settle the first and most important question—the question of the East. It must be confessed that the Turk is animated by a truly Christian spirit,

If he repines, he does not repine very loudly. After a brief *résumé* of the dangers which threaten his unhappy country from within and without, he declares that the only hope of tranquillity for his Sultan lies in his beating a sudden retreat. The successor of Mahomet will consent to retire to Medina, on condition of being permitted to carry his harem along with him. Seated on a Smyrna carpet, close by the Prophet's tomb, he will henceforth devote his energies to setting a bright example of all the Mussulman virtues. The audience applaud his resolution, and allow the Turk to go to sleep once more, which task he performs with all the alacrity that can be expected of an Oriental. He does not wake again till the close of the conference, when he is recalled afresh to consciousness by an alarming dream that his seven hundred and fifty wives are being carried off by seven hundred and fifty amorous music-masters.

The Italian monk, amused but not edified by the spectacle of so prompt an abdication, attracts next the attention of the Congress. "Bravo! dit-il, en voilà un qui rend ses Romagnes! Avez vous vu la grimace qu'il a faite? Le doigt de Dieu l'a frappé parcequ'il était Turc. Nos ennemis seront foulés aux pieds comme des tabourets. *Inimicos tuos, scabellum pedum tuorum!*" This unseemly mirth, which shows that he is blind to his own analogous position, draws down upon his head a gentle reprimand from the French captain. He is delicately reminded that the Turk at least has resigned like a gentleman, and gone off without excommunicating anybody. The monk, after all, is a man of feeling and education. He acknowledges the rebuke, and consents, on behalf of the Sovereign Pontiff, seriously to examine the difficulties of his own situation. Finally, he determines to renounce Rome, and to fall back upon Jerusalem and cottage life, only stipulating that Cardinal Antonelli is to have a room to himself upon the second floor. He will there occupy his leisure hours with publishing a Bowdler's family edition of the lives of the saints, and, with the Bishop of Orleans for his guest, and Veillot for his parrot in a cage in the back garden, will live a happier if not quite so exciting a life as formerly. As a matter of course, he solemnly recalls the anathemas he has launched so recently, the particulars of which are familiar to the English public from the pages of *Tristram Shandy*. "Notre bien-aimé fils," he proclaims, "le roi de Sardaigne, guéri du coup de foudre que nous avons lancé dans ses jambes, vaquera comme devant à ses fonctions naturelles. Amen!"

Italy and Turkey, being thus deserted by their self-denying rulers, remain at the disposal of the Congress. Who is to have them is the next difficulty. For one moment the harmony of the meeting seems likely to be disturbed. Austria and Russia respectively demand the two vacant territories, of course from no love of appropriation, but from a pure sympathy with the best interests of civilization. Austria at last acquiesces in a more appropriate arrangement. She is convinced that Italy had better be left to herself, and with an heroic effort of self-abnegation gives up her possession of Venice and her hopes of Lombardy. The King of Naples bursts into a flood of tears. If Piedmont is to extend her frontiers to the south, what is to become of him? The President of the Congress humanely endeavours to console him. Let him give his subjects liberty and a new Constitution, and he shall have five months more to reign—an extension of his lease of power which ought to content any Bourbon. The King of Naples is comforted, and dries his eyes. The assembly passes at once to the consideration of Russia's claims upon the Bosphorus. The sacrifices which the previous speakers have agreed to make are not without their effect upon the Muscovite mind. In a transport of enthusiasm, Russia renounces everything. Constantinople shall be Greek, and Greek only, with a Prince of one of the reigning European families upon the throne. Poland once more will rise from her ashes like the phoenix, and a rampart of Slavonic nationalities extend from the Black Sea to the Baltic, in order to reassure Europe against her latent fears of the great Empire of the north. The testament of the great Czar will thus be fulfilled in spirit, if not in letter; for Europe, no longer agitated by anxiety, will look without jealousy on the development of Russian influence in Syria and the East; and henceforward Russia will take her place in the van of the great army of civilization. She will regenerate Armenia, Kurdistan, and Persia, and stretch her missionary arms as far as the frontiers of Cabul. Animated by a similar spirit, Austria, who has already surrendered Venice to the Italians, will restore Hungary to the Hungarians and Poland to the Poles.

The state of Germany comes next upon the tapis. The Prussian representative, who has sat with his brain in a whirl at hearing of all these astounding changes of the map, can no longer keep silence. He has great sympathy for the cause of Poland, but he is also excessively attached to the Grand Duchy of Posen. He is a man of conservative views, and dislikes novelties. Is Prussia to resign one of her fairest and richest provinces because Russia is whimsically inclined to reconstitute Polish independence? What is to be done to pacify the recalcitrant and matter-of-fact politician? In return for her contribution to the resuscitated kingdom, Prussia is to annex the little German States around her, and with them form, for the future, a central, strong, and compact Germany. Her government will become not only better, but will not cost so much; and a multitude of petty princes will no longer weaken the unity and exhaust the pockets of the great

German nation. After so many chivalrous sacrifices on the part of Europe, England of course does not hesitate to resign Malta, Gibraltar, and the Ionian Islands.

M. About's work is full of the most brilliant pleasantries. But one joke is so extravagantly good that we cannot help admitting that it throws all the rest into the shade. France refuses positively and peremptorily to take a single iota of territory beyond what she has got. Prussia offers her the Rhine—France declines the offer. She will not hear even of annexing Belgium, which is eager to be reunited to its powerful neighbour. Europe is on the point of forming a coalition against Napoleon III. to insist upon his being less disinterested, and is only deterred from the project by his declaration that he will spend his last soldier and his last franc sooner than annex a single inch of ground. M. About is, beyond a doubt, the first humourist of his age. The Pope at Jerusalem is a pleasant conception, even if not quite original. The Sultan at Medina is a flight of fancy which, after all, may some day be realized in fact. But France refusing Belgium and the Rhine is a picture which is at once novel and wildly comic. None but a true wag would have ventured upon it. In this particular M. About shows that he has a talent not only for comedy but for burlesque.

In conclusion, the serious moral to be drawn from this witty pamphlet is, that in all probability the Eastern question will before long again be brought before the notice of Europe. It is a question which will do more to agitate the Continent than all the difficulties of the Italian position. It is a mine which the French Emperor has driven right under our feet, and which he can spring at any moment. Sooner or later, the explosion will take place. The matter is now one perhaps only of months, if not of weeks. The most clear-sighted statesman may well despair of seeing his way through the complications which must present themselves. From one end of the Continent to the other all eyes are fixed upon the East. The expectation of some movement in that quarter is not only general but universal. Something is coming without a doubt. Before long we may prophesy that we shall hear once more of the Suez Canal and of M. de Lesseps.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE CHURCH.

MR. BRIGHT was perfectly right in pointing out, as he did in the last, Church and State debate, one distinction between the Church and the sects. He said that in the Dissenting bodies there was an amount of sympathy, co-operation, and concentration for their own objects which was lacking in the Church; and he argued, of course in the interests of the Church, that if it were entirely thrown on its own resources, this activity and denominational propagandism—in which alone he seemed to recognise the true religious life—would, for the first time, and much to its profit, be, both in temporal and spiritual things, developed in the Establishment. There are two sides to this view of things. To Mr. Bright's pugnacious and bellicose temperament, true religion and undefiled can only present itself in the form of monthly and quarterly meetings of delegates who understand the Apostolic virtue of withstanding a brother to the face, and who would develop the Church into activity and energy after the fashion of Political Unions and Reform Associations. Whether all this would be a gain to religion may be questioned; and there are friends of the Church who do not wish to see it quite so alive and so kicking as the Baptists and Independents. But if the ideal of Christianity is to be found in this sort of denominational zeal, Churchmen do not seem to require much stimulus. The Church-rate debate has, at any rate, shown that there is a Church party, and that in vigour and pugnacity it leaves little to be desired. The Parliamentary divisions are significant of the rise of a spirit which has confronted the Liberation Society with a creditable emulation of the zeal which would have done any agitator credit; and the majority of seventy-four against Church-rates in 1859 has, in the present year, dwindled down to twenty-nine on the second reading of Sir John Trelawny's Bill, while on the third reading it was with difficulty passed by the shrunk and attenuated majority of nine. And while the defenders of Church-rates are, as the two recent divisions show, a constant quantity, the desertion of those of Sir John Trelawny's adherents—sixty in number—who are considered waiters on political Providence betrays a cause which has lost its hold on popular opinion. The fact is, that the Liberation Society and Mr. Bright have set up Church-rates. They have made a state of things almost popular which, in its ultimate shape, had scarcely any theoretical plausibility, but a good deal of practical inconvenience, to recommend it. A charge upon occupiers, which was as old as Saxon times, and invested with the mysterious sanctity of a common law obligation—involving an awful liability which was stringent in form, yet which could be set aside by the caprice of a few farmers or the ill temper of a handful of small shopkeepers—scarcely presented a good rallying cry. The cause was sacred, but the fence of this ancient and hallowed sanctuary had become one which a kitten might easily enough break through. But, absurd and lamentable as was the state of the law as settled in the Braintree case, even this, as an alternative, has been thought to be better than the tender mercies of Mr. Bright. It is rather too late for Sir John Trelawny to disavow his inconvenient allies. Had the Liberation Society concealed a little of its hatred, and had Mr. Bright

not been so voluble and profuse in his friendship for the Church of England, it had, perhaps, fared worse with Church-rates on Friday week.

The last drop in the cup of humiliation made it run over. When Mr. Bright prayed for one half-hour of churchmanship, the House was so alarmed lest the Archbishop of Canterbury might be instantly summoned into the lobby to receive the distinguished proselyte, that anything was resolved upon to prevent the imminent conversion of Mr. Bright. The majority of nine could have no other meaning than to convince the member for Birmingham that the day of grace had passed for the object of his pious solicitude. Not even the offer of his adherence could threaten or cajole the Church into understanding its own interests. Mr. Bright was so anxious to "persuade the House that this Bill was a good Bill for the Established Church," that the same consternation was spread as would be sure to occur were the French Emperor to swear an eternal peace with all the nations of Europe. It was time for Troy to look to itself when the Greeks took to the friendly line. We may admit that Church-rates, as they are, are not a very defensible citadel of divine truth, but there can be no question about the meaning of any reform which Mr. Bright advocates. And though we are by no means prepared to say that the defeat—for of course it was virtually a defeat—of Sir John Trelawny's measure has given Church-rates a new lease of life, yet we can afford to rejoice at anything which serves to show that the House of Commons had rather incur the charge of inconsistency and fickleness than accept a measure which Mr. Bright recommends.

But not only was Mr. Bright's embrace that of death, but the peculiar future which he sketched for the Church of England was enough to appal even the writer in the *Times* who some years ago suggested that the best way to make the clergy active was to compel every parson to make a diary, to be periodically submitted to the bishop of the diocese. Mr. Bright's ideal of the Church at work is nearly as alarming. He thinks that a religious body can only be effective when it is just struggling with starvation. He says that, as the Church without Church-rates has built five thousand churches in the last quarter of a century, the voluntary system must be more effective than the Saxon institution. But he forgets that the building and endowment of new churches was always the result of the voluntary system. Our old churches are just as much the result of private or corporate munificence—or at any rate were just as little owing to the compulsory action of Church-rates—as the recent restoration of Ely or the erection of the Church in Margaret-street. Voluntary liberality to church purposes is not inconsistent with the maintenance of the existing fabrics; and facts prove that a compulsory rate, which happens not to be compulsory, does not chill that generous ardour for studding the landscape with picturesque spires in the multiplication of which Mr. Bright acknowledges to an unquakerish interest. But he and his friends of the Liberation Society let the cat out of the bag by admitting the remote objects of which the abolition of Church-rates is but a preliminary. What he wishes to see is the Church reduced to a denomination—that is, an aggregate of sects all proselytising, all active, all hostile, and all cultivating Christian charity on the sound principle of underselling each other in the spiritual market, and touting for customers with the amiable and fraternal spirit of Manchester warehousemen. He wants free-trade in religion in order that consumers of religion may get the market supplied with the article at the cheapest cost, and with the greatest amount of competition. He wants what his friend Mr. Wilson would call a roaring trade in the commodity. If we were disposed to argue the matter on high grounds, we should perhaps question whether this view of the Church exactly fulfils what we know to have been the unity of believers, in those apostolic times of mutual charity and brotherly love to which Mr. Bright looks back with so much edifying unction. But upon social considerations we must say that we are not anxious for this Church of the Future. We own that a Church Establishment, simply because it is not so very bustling, so very aggrandizing, so very much engaged in pushing its wares in the keen competition of an overstocked market, has its political uses. We had rather not see so many agents of rival "churches" bidding for our custom. When the sects come to take turn and turn about in the parochial churches, which is the avowed object of the Liberation Society, religion, we must say it, would become a public nuisance; and social government would become impossible in the rivalry of the denominations. If, as Mr. Bright tells us, Church-rates are the only obstacle to the realization of this happy family of competing sects, we must own that it is the strongest argument we have heard for their retention. If Church-rates are the safeguard against the Church of England degenerating into a noisy voluble aggregate of conventicles with quarterly meetings, long may they survive. The Church Establishment has functions over and above those of developing the interests of a particular form of Christian belief. Those functions, political, moral, and social, the Church of England could not discharge unless she were an Establishment; and if Mr. Bright has brought out this issue as the meaning of Sir John Trelawny's Bill, we may be well thankful that it is got rid of. It now remains to be seen whether the remarkable and growing strength of the minority has been produced by conviction or by the chances of party warfare. We almost doubt whether, if the opportunity offered, Mr. Disraeli would not exhibit the same disingenuous

tactics on the question which Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have thought proper to adopt; but the interval of a twelvemonth which must elapse before another Church-rate Bill makes its appearance in the Commons, will give opportunity and leisure for those—and they are many—who really desire to settle the question to do so on grounds less revolutionary and more equitable than those of the Liberation Society, which even Sir John Trelawny finds it to be prudent, or perhaps personally necessary, to disavow.

The Liberation Society only requires to be dragged out of the pompous obscurity in which it is involved. Since the defeat of Friday week, this pretentious body has held its annual meeting. What strikes us much more than the blundering imbecility of the speeches is the utter worthlessness of the body as an exponent, still less as a guide, of public opinion. Mr. Potts Brown, of Houghton, and Mr. Handel Cosham, of Bristol, may be very distinguished persons in their own small circles, but we have yet to learn what claims they possess to dictate to the Parliament or people of England on such a subject as the connexion of Church and State. The Liberation Society, by dint of impudence and agitation, has sought to elevate itself into a political power. Its true influence may be estimated if both its friends and its opponents would be at the trouble of inquiring what distinguished individuals compose its executive. The materials for such an investigation may be found in the congenial columns of the *Morning Star* of Thursday last.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

MR. BENNETT sends, as usual, a number of good landscapes to the Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, at 53, Pall Mall. The subjects, and the style in which he has painted them, are more varied than in former years. Which is the best of them it is hard to say, but the largest, and the one upon which most labour has been bestowed, is the "View from Heaven's Gate, Longleat, Wilts, where Bishop Ken composed the Morning and Evening Hymns" (204). This is a view which most painters would have rejected as deficient in marked features. It is not broken up into different distances, there is no very distinct foreground, and there is no centre of interest. This, however, does not make it an improper subject for a painting—it only makes it a difficult subject. It would obviously have been easy for Mr. Bennett, if he had pleased, to put a large tree, or some similar object, in the foreground, and thus give the composition more of the look which is usual in landscapes; but it seems to us that he has shown sound judgment in abstaining from doing so. An old tree, with a reach of distance for background, might have made a pretty view, but it would have been common-place. It would have been such a view as may be seen in hundreds of places all over England. The picture in its present form, on the contrary, though perfectly simple, is by no means commonplace. It is one which conveys a sense of freedom and extent in no common degree. The chief defect in the colouring of it, and, indeed, in the colouring of all Mr. Bennett's pictures, is that the yellows want variety. He has one invariable colour—apparently Roman ochre—for light, wherever it may be. On the cliffs in his "Glen Nevis, Inverness-shire" (6); on the crumbling walls of his "Bodiam Castle" (35); on the foliage, both near and distant, in all his works, this same tint re-appears. It is employed for the nearest and for the most distant masses of wood in this view from Longleat. It is a tint of no very marked peculiarity, and it is therefore never very decidedly out of place; but it is clear that it cannot always be right. In the present instance it seems to be both too muddy and too red for the light on the distant foliage. The tinge produced by the first rays of morning falling upon a distant and misty clump of trees is so faint and negative in character, that a painter is perhaps compelled to qualify its tone in some measure; but this qualification should rather be in the direction of a yellow-green than of red. This rule obviously only holds good where the light is not itself tinged with red; but light tinged with red never issues from a cold grey sky, such as there is in this landscape. The same accurate observation of forms which has made Mr. Bennett an excellent painter of foliage makes him an excellent painter of sea-views, in spite of his little practice in such subjects. It is rarely that the appearance of life and motion in water is given so well as in his "East Cliff, Hastings, High Water" (296). The fresh and airy look of the whole scene is very good.

The landscapes of J. H. Mole, which are, if not the best, among the best in the Exhibition, present a great contrast in style to those of the last-mentioned artist. Mr. Bennett seems to delight in showing every touch. Mr. Mole appears to aim at producing results while he hides the means by which they are produced. As a general rule, he succeeds better in small than in large works, but an exception must be made in favour of his "On the Cliffs, near Hastings, Sussex" (282), which is a very fine painting. Nothing can be more soft, harmonious, and true, than the colouring of this and almost all his other views. He is least successful where, as in "Hide and Seek" (207), he tries to be dramatic. Though carefully drawn and highly finished, the countenances in this are not quite up to the mark. Charles Vacher, who paints in much the same style, is far inferior. The eye tires of looking at his rose-coloured hills and blue seas. The "Arch of Titus" (265), is the best of his works, mainly because

there are no rose-coloured hills or blue sea. The landscapes of J. W. Whymper are executed in a pleasant, flowing style, and with agreeable colouring. He exhibits so many views, and they are so equal, that it is needless to specify any among them. He is not quite so artistic as Bennett, but sometimes surpasses him in truthfulness of effect. A "Study at Southend" (183), hangs next to "The Lyn, North Devon" (178); and the former, which is by Whymper, clearly beats the latter, which is by Bennett. Mr. E. G. Warren's style of painting resembles much more closely that which is usual in oil painting than that which is usual in water-colour painting. He puts in all his lights with body colour, and apparently employs a good deal of gum, or medium of some kind. His most striking view is "A Corn-Field" (292). To judge satisfactorily of the merits of this kind of painting, it would be necessary to see it in a more complicated landscape. These views are carefully executed, and the colours are very vivid, but it is evident that they are chiefly remarkable as looking very like oil paintings, and have very little of the peculiar merits of water-colour painting. To take pains to make a water-colour look like an oil painting is rather a waste of labour, unless something more is gained. The sea-pieces of S. Cook—we regret to observe of the late S. Cook—are hardly so good as in former years, while those of J. G. Philips show improvement. The latter are less disfigured by heavy black shadows than was the case in his earlier productions. Carl Werner, a well-known painter of architectural subjects, exhibits in this Gallery for the first time. He appears to draw and colour with care and accuracy.

The Old Water-Colour Society has no painter quite equal to L. Haghe in historical subjects, but is in every other kind far stronger than its younger rival. In the minute and highly-finished style of landscape painting, it is this season unusually strong. Mr. Davidson has of late years taken the lead in this direction. This time, though he is in great force, his views, as far as elaborate finish is concerned, are quite eclipsed by those of Birket Foster. In the latter the acme must, one would think, have been attained. It is impossible to imagine a nearer approach to the ideal painting, in which every leaf should be given. We will avow that this kind of painting does not satisfy us. It attracts, but, at the same time, it—to use an undignified word—bothers the eye. One cannot help wondering how long a time each of these views occupied the artist—whether he used a magnifying glass—whether he was not very tired, and whether his eyesight is not failing him. It is not a merit in a picture to produce this sort of feeling, and any style which does produce it must be wrong. When standing before a truly fine work of art, a spectator forgets to think of the means in contemplating the result. It is impossible to do this with these views. He is constantly tempted to poke his face down and count the blades of grass, or the specks of light upon the trees. It would, however, be most unfair to say that miniaturelike finish is the only merit possessed by these views. The colouring is very good, and the general resemblance to nature extremely well preserved. When, indeed, we consider how impossible it is that this sort of painting should be often done from nature on the spot, it becomes a matter of surprise that the style is not more artificial. Mr. Davidson has a considerable number of excellent views, some of inland and some of coast scenery. He has steadily and quietly improved, but there is no marked change in his style. His greens are sometimes rather cold and heavy, and his handling is somewhat stiff; but he is, on the whole, imitably natural.

The two most striking paintings in the Exhibition are—"The Pass of Nant Frangon, on the road from Bangor to Capel Cûrig" (34), by George A. Fripp, and "Mountain Gloom, the Pass of Glencoe" (69), by A. P. Newton. The latter presents in its winter dress a scene which is familiar to most tourists in its summer aspect. It is indisputably an exceedingly fine painting. The dark shades of purple which approaching night has cast upon the valley, the fine outline of the mountains, and the solemn air of the whole scene, are most admirable. We must, however, except from this unqualified praise the foreground. The dead sheep and the eagles coming to contest the carcase with the dog are a somewhat threadbare device; and a naturalist, we fear, would say that true eagles do not prey upon carrion, and that vultures are not found in Scotland. Besides this, the rocks in the foreground are not quite satisfactory. Their arrangement looks studied, and the effect is feeble in comparison with the rest of the composition. Ought not the snow which rests upon them to be of a purer white? There is still light enough for the whole valley to be seen with considerable distinctness, and, while this is the case, any snow in the foreground would, if we are not mistaken, reflect more than it does here. Mr. G. Fripp's mountain pass presents a very different appearance. Half of it is in bright sunshine, half in shadow, and a drove of cattle are seen on the winding road. Mr. Fripp delights in these sweeps of light and shadow. No other living artist is his equal in depicting them. He is able to make his shadows look, as they ought to look, like an absence of light, instead of being, as they are with most painters, mere washes of purple or brown. This is altogether one of the finest landscapes which he has ever painted. We must question, however, whether the blue peak which he has introduced in the distance is not objectionable. It looks as high as the other snowy peaks, and would therefore in reality be, like them, covered with snow. Even if not covered with snow it could hardly, with such

a gloomy sky, be of so light a blue. He has many other excellent views—among them an architectural drawing, the "Piazza and Duomo, Novara, Piedmont" (54). This is a subject for which his accurate style of drawing and clear and lustrous colouring are very well suited. Mr. A. P. Newton has, besides his "Pass of Glencoe," several smaller views, the best of which seems to be "Twilight, Argyllshire" (2). He has also one of the "Isle of Skye, from Arasaig" (151), in which he has painted the foreground with unusual care. It is difficult to understand the propriety of the rainbow which he has introduced. The colours are bright throughout the landscape, and distant objects are clearly seen, which cannot be the case where there is rain enough to form a rainbow.

Mr. J. P. Naftel exhibits some views taken at and about Amalfi, which are very faithful, and are not, as is too frequently the case with views of Italian scenery, disfigured with fantastic prettinesses. The quantity of blue colour which most painters introduce into their Italian views is quite groundless. The aerial blue in Italy, though purer in tone than in England, is neither deeper nor more frequent. "Supplying Stores to the Island Lighthouse" (55), seems to us to be the best of Mr. E. Duncan's performances, and "Chestnut Trees, Hurstmonceux" (137), the best of Mr. D. Cox's. Some of W. C. Smith's views are sketchy and quiet, others are laboured and highly coloured. "Isola dei Pescatori" (148), is a favourable sample of the latter style. "The Forest" (76), by J. P. Harding we cannot admire. It is mannered and untrue. Mr. T. M. Richardson's views are in his usual style, though with even less sky allowed them than formerly. C. Haag, F. Tayler, and many other popular artists are exhibitors, but there is no novelty in their painting which calls for notice. Among the figures, those by A. Fripp and Mr. Hunt's "Devotion" (220), seem to us to be the best. Messrs. Topham and Oakley, cleverly as they paint, are never quite unaffected. In the mushroom which Mr. W. Hunt has painted for Mr. Ruskin we see little to admire beyond Mr. Hunt's usual skilful execution. The "rose grey" which it is meant to exhibit does not seem to be the precise shade which was wanted.

SIGNOR CAMPANA'S *ALMINA*.

SIGNOR CAMPANA'S opera is very much what we expected. That it can ever take high place among the greater works which adorn the operatic stage could scarcely be said by even the most partial of his numerous circle of fashionable admirers and patrons. Nor do we conceive, for many reasons, that it can ever attain to any great degree of popularity. There is, however, much to admire throughout—abundance of pleasing melody, spirited, if not characteristic choruses, ease and grace in the instrumentation of the accompaniments, and grateful passages for the vocalists—many of the points, in short, which go far to make it stand out prominently among the crowd of modern Italian compositions which, although they may perhaps tickle the ear, fail either to enlist the sympathies or interest the understanding. But the indispensable element of inspiration and originality is signally wanting. There is scarcely a phrase in the opera which we were not dimly conscious of having heard before. Not that we wish for one moment to accuse Signor Campana of plagiarism. Indeed, there is probably no prominent instance of any particular combination of notes which could be cited as being absolutely borrowed from any other work; but it all runs in the same groove, is all cast in the same mould with numerous other compositions of a school with which we are perhaps unfortunately only too familiar. Signor Campana is the victim of a style which no true musician can look upon with unqualified favour, as having to a great extent usurped our stage during the last few years. Let us not, however, be understood as underrating the really considerable merits, of a lower order, which a work, even in the absence of originality, may possess, and which undoubtedly Signor Campana's opera does possess; and we certainly cannot yield our assent to the harsh and somewhat cavalier criticisms to which utterance has been given in one or two quarters, and which dispose of the work in a few words as altogether beneath notice. In respect of the plot, whoever Signor Lanzières may be, Signor Campana has been singularly unfortunate in his choice of a *collaborateur*. A more flavourless *rechauffé* of musty old stage incidents, and thrice, or rather thousand times, cooked scraps of melodramatic ideas and phraseology, was never hashed up even for the Italian stage. Our readers, however, shall judge of its foolishness for themselves in as small a space as we can conveniently compress it into. The story occupies three acts, the scene of which is laid at Pisa in the twelfth century. *Almina* (Madlle. Piccolomini), the heroine, is the daughter of a certain Count Ranieri—the name, by the bye, of the patron Saint of Pisa, the history of whose life and miracles, as represented on the walls of the Campo Santo by Simone Memmi and Veneziano, are well known to all lovers of early Italian art. Formerly betrothed to Blondello (Signor Giuglini), of whom, since his departure for the Crusades no tidings have been heard, she is induced, on the supposition of her lover's death, to yield to the wishes of her father, and marry Gualtiero della Rovere (Signor Aldighieri). She tells this gentleman, however, plainly, that it is her hand and not her heart that she is giving:—

La man ti do, ma il core
 Il core no

and further bargains that she shall be allowed to retain a ring which Blondello gave her as a pledge of affection. "What mighty contests spring from trivial things!" But for this unfortunate ring, the true love of Almina and Blondello (who, of course, is not dead) might have run a smooth, if not an over proper course; and there would have been no third act to the opera. "The vow has scarce been sworn" when Blondello, like the brave Roland, arrives and proceeds to sing his favourite song, which is recognised by Almina within the temple while the ceremony is being concluded. On the departure of Blondello from the stage, Almina rushes out, "pale, convulsive, and delirious," accompanied by the chorus; and, supposing that the voice she has heard is that of her lover reproaching her from the grave, dies in an agony of grief, upon which catastrophe the curtain falls for the conclusion of the first act.

The second act is a close plagiarism from *Romeo and Juliet*. The scene represents Almina's monument in the Campo Santo. Blondello, like Romeo, breaks open his mistress's tomb, whereupon Almina, like Juliet, instantly comes to life again, and the lovers, after a vast amount of rhapsody, are supposed to depart for some distant land, where (to quote the words of the book)—

La vita un sogno, sogno d'amore
Eterna un' estasi sembrar dovrà.

Gualtiero, it seems, cannot bear the thought that his wife, in her grave, should wear the ring upon which is engraven Blondello's name, and coming to the cemetery with the view of removing it from her finger, finds the tomb open, and the corpse (as he supposes) carried off; whereupon the act closes with general consternation and denunciations of the sacrilegious criminal. Five years are supposed to intervene between the second and third acts. Almina and her second husband have returned from the East, been recognised, and, at the suit of Gualtiero, are brought before the grand judge and magistrates. The lady, disguised in Georgian costume, solemnly denies her identity; but, being afterwards confronted with her father by Gualtiero, allows her filial affections to betray her perjury. Gualtiero agrees, however, to give up all claim to his erring spouse if she will renounce Blondello, which she accordingly determines to do, much to the latter's disgust. The two gentlemen meeting afterwards, a duel is very naturally the consequence. It is, however, put a stop to by Almina, who having taken poison, has only time to join the hands of the rivals before she finally dies in real earnest.

The character of the music is not such as to call for any minute criticism. We will, however, mention a few of the more noticeable portions of the opera. The instrumental prelude which stands in place of an overture is graceful and pleasing; and a chorus of village girls with tambourines is a lively dance-like strain, and written with considerable spirit. The most striking piece, however, in the whole opera, at the first hearing, is probably Blondello's air "Come nel ciel s' adora," &c., which is sure to become popular in all our drawing-rooms, and which Signor Giuglini sang with such grace and finish as to obtain a most enthusiastic *encore*. This is the air of which Blondello says—

Il canto mio
Le sia messaggio al core,

and which produces so disastrous an effect upon Almina. It is worked up rather effectively into the finale of the first act. The opening movement at the beginning of Act II., for a chorus of monks, struck us as being very dreary and uninteresting, and there are some awkward passages for the horns which would be better amended. A rather pretty scene for Blondello in the burial ground is ushered in by an effective solo capitolly played by the principal violoncello, and is accompanied throughout by the strings *con sordini*. Signor Giuglini's singing of the whole of this cannot be praised too highly. Some portions of the duet scene after Almina's resurrection are pretty and effective, but on the whole we were much less struck with all the music for the soprano than with that allotted to the male characters. The quintet in the last act after the recognition of Almina, and two airs for the tenor, "Quella donna io primo amava," and "Ahi! non resisto al colmo del dolore," the latter accompanied by the harp, may also be cited as more worthy of notice than the rest. The first air was, we believe, lately composed expressly for Signor Giuglini, although the bulk of the opera has, we believe, been lying for some years in the desk of the composer.

A few words upon the performance itself must suffice. Every body is acquainted with the charm with which Madame Piccolomini, by her impulsive acting, contrives to invest even the weakest part in spite of the undoubted deficiencies in her capabilities as a singer. Her impersonation of Almina was only another instance of this power of individual creation, added to those which are familiar to us all. Nothing, for instance, could be more impassioned than her utterance of the words in the first song—

Mi diceva 'I t' amo tanto
Che al tuo piè d' amor morrò:'

or more expressive than both her dying scenes at the ends of the first and second acts respectively. Signor Giuglini's performance, vocally, was almost beyond praise; but, as we have had occasion to remark before, his talents as an actor are not striking. Signor Aldighieri plays and sings the part of Gualtiero extremely well, and we may specially commend

his delivery of the air in the cemetery, while he is meditating the removal of the ring from Almina's finger. Signor Castelli, too, as the Count Ranieri, was sufficiently effective; and, indeed, the opera, on the whole, had every justice done to it. The orchestra shows very decided marks of improvement, as we anticipated would be the result of some few weeks' practice together. We would, however, counsel Mr. Smith to pay a little more attention to minor details. A fastidious critic might object, perhaps, to Balmoral boots as a part of the costume of an Italian girl in the twelfth century; nor is it easy to understand with what kind of propriety the cloisters of the Campo Santo can be the scene of an action which is supposed to take place some hundred years before they were built.

On Monday evening last *Almina* was repeated for the third, and, we believe, the last time, on the occasion of Madlle. Piccolomini's retirement from the stage. This lady's short and brilliant career, since her first appearance as Violetta in the *Traviata*, in 1856, is somewhat of an anomaly in the history of operatic singers and their successes. That Madlle. Piccolomini's few years upon the English stage have been a thorough and complete success is beyond dispute; and yet all connoisseurs will allow that it has been achieved without any particularly striking natural gifts in point of voice, or very skilful cultivation in the art of vocalization. With a charming piquancy of manner and a certain fascinating *abandon* in lighter parts she combined the highest dramatic power in the delineation of tragedy. A thoroughly impulsive genius, she was always able to enlist the sympathies of the most critical audience; and in the earnestness and force of the impersonation as a whole, special faults of voice or of execution were forgotten. With all her shortcomings we bid adieu to her with sincere regret.

REVIEWS.

GOETHE IN STRASBOURG.*

IF it was in any way desirable to write a dramatic *nouvelette* describing the life of Goethe in Strasbourg, and his affair with Frederika, Mr. Humphreys would have made an attempt, which, if not very good, could not be pronounced very bad. Looked at as a short tale in which the characters speak—which is, we presume, the prosaic rendering of a dramatic *nouvelette*—this volume principally fails because the characters are conventional and the dialogue thin. On the other hand, it has the merit of being briefly and easily written. However, it is not as a dramatic *nouvelette* that we are inclined to look at it. It appears to us rather as an elaborate mistake. Fictions about great writers are almost certain to disappoint us, because we cannot avoid contrasting the real power of the person described with the feebleness ascribed to him. But the particular instance chosen is exceptionally unfortunate. Goethe has told us the story of Frederika himself, and he has told it with all the graces of language and the touches of art that could conceal the extreme shabbiness of his conduct. A man must have the very soul of prose who could think that a dramatic *nouvelette* was wanted to supply the details which Goethe has designedly omitted. Mr. Humphreys has also adopted and placed in the most staring nakedness a theory which Goethe only hinted at through a veil. As Goethe behaved badly to a girl and was a poet, a theory has been started that not only is it poetical to treat a girl badly, but that it would be very unpoetical to treat her well. Mr. Humphreys accepts with implicit faith the belief that it was Goethe's mission to win Frederika's heart and throw it away. Goethe may perhaps have sometimes half hoped that this repulsive mission was assigned him by what he termed his demon; but Mr. Humphreys goes further, and makes Frederika believe in the mission too. We hope that in the golden age when every one will use accurate language, persons who write dramatic *nouvelettes* will reflect that if there is a mission there must be an author of that mission. There must be a sender if there is a sending. Does Mr. Humphreys seriously think it in accordance with the plans and wishes of the Deity that a man should trifle with the affections of a young woman in order that he may learn to write better verses?

In Goethe's autobiography, the conclusion of his romance with Frederika is slurred over. The poet felt that his conduct, however consonant to his mission, had its ugly features; and it is hard for the most poetical autobiographer to idealize his abandonment of a young woman when the details of the act are stated. What we learn is that Goethe flirted with Frederika, and that she allowed herself to become attached to him. In an unhappy hour the simple pastor's daughter came to pay a visit in Strasbourg, and there her lover saw how rustic she was, and a kindly demon warned him that he would like a more courtly bride. As the revivalists say, it was borne in upon him to cut her. He was obedient to the call, and Frederika soon found that he was lost to her. Mr. Humphreys introduces two alterations into the story. He rehabilitates the reputation of Goethe, so far as the Strasbourg scene goes; and in the dramatic *nouvelette*, the poet, so far from minding his mistress being rustic, rudely

* *Goethe in Strasbourg. A Dramatic Nouvelette.* By H. Noel Humphreys. London: Saunders and Otley. 1860.

insults a French marquis who has dared to pronounce her so. There is also a regular ending given to the romance. A by-play is contrived in which Goethe is persecuted by the love of the daughter of a dancing-master. He repels her with such unmistakable dislike, that she thinks she must relinquish love and find her consolation in vengeance. Goethe and Frederika have a last meeting. He quite knows his mission by this time. He gives her to understand the frightful danger his verses would undergo if he yielded to his feelings, but he cannot abandon her. Poets are but men. Fortunately, however, the lady believes in the mission more devoutly than her lover. She insists on being neglected. She pleads frantically for his verses and against her own heart. At length the emissary of heaven is moved. He consents to a compromise. Unless Frederika sends him a locket before ten, he will accept her view of their relative duties, and henceforth give his verses unfettered swing. Ten strikes—there is no locket come, and the verses are saved. But although the locket has not arrived, it had been sent. The sister of Frederika has entrusted it, with admirable prudence, to a beggar found loitering in the neighbourhood. This beggar is the vengeful dancing-master's daughter, who throws the locket in a well; and so the lovers are separated, and Frederika goes off the stage, exclaiming, in reply to a hope expressed by her sister that she would take up with some one else, "No, Salome; no other love can enter the heart that has once loved Goethe."

The worst of taking so eminent a man as Goethe as the hero of a fiction is, that the author is under a constant temptation to show that he understands his hero by bringing in all that he considers most characteristic of his hero's way of thinking, and also to show that he appreciates his hero by praising and admiring all that the great man is reported to have done or said. Thus, in order that it may be appropriate, the picture is made a sort of commonplace of the hero's theories, opinions, and reflections; and in order that the reader may be kept at a fever heat of enthusiasm, foibles and fancies are extolled into the rank of prophetic utterances and the last decrees of wisdom. Goethe is known almost as much for his theory of the metamorphosis of plants as for his poetry, and so Mr. Humphreys thought it indispensable to bring in this scientific hypothesis. Goethe would not be Goethe unless he talked of vegetable transformation. Accordingly, he expounds the whole doctrine, and illustrates it with apposite examples. The opportunity he selects is curious. It is to Frederika that he reveals his scientific secret, and the exposition occupies two-thirds of the only scene of happy love that is contained in the dramatic *nouvelette*. This is paying a heavy penalty for writing about Goethe. It is considered necessary to abandon the delineation of youthful passion in order to introduce a scientific disquisition, and Frederika is represented as liking to hear it. Perhaps there is a touch of truth in this. The reasons why ladies like science are to a certain degree inscrutable. Why do two-thirds of Professor Faraday's audience at the Royal Institution wear crinoline? It may be urged that nothing would so much charm a girl as to have her lover talk on subjects which she could not understand. But the account of the metamorphosis of plants is so evidently given not to show the effect of science on the female mind, but merely to identify Goethe, that we cannot allow the possible charms which botanical theories might have for a young girl to weigh as a sufficient reason for the introduction of this episode. Similar objections might also be brought to the astrological fancies with which the conversation of Goethe is represented as encumbered. He is a bore with his planetary influences. It is true that, either from waywardness or from his ironical delight in taking the world in, he really talked a great deal of rubbish about his star and the influence the stars exercised over him. But what is barely tolerable when we get it first-hand from the author, is unendurable when put by another person into the poet's mouth, and made the great symbol of all that Goethe felt and said. There is something particularly unpleasant in this re-casting and amplifying of a man's weaknesses and little peculiarities. When the authors themselves tell us of their ways and feelings, we make allowances—we permit the imagination to fill up blanks, and we give credit for the full extent of good feeling that seems possible. But when their habits and feelings are rehearsed mechanically, are gone through as a showman goes through his programme, and are, to use an expressive phrase, "worked" by a dramatised novelist, the result is in the highest degree unattractive.

There is no view of human life with which we have so little sympathy as that which lays down that a man who writes verses is favoured with a peculiar set of moral dispensations; and, bad as this view appears in the pages of Goethe, it is much worse when clothed in language that has none of the delicate tints and half-reticence that Goethe knew so well how to apply. We should like to know who exactly are the people that may do wrong in order to improve their verses, and what are the wrong things they may legitimately do. How low does it go? Has Mr. Martin Tupper, for example, a mission? But we may cut even still closer to the root of the matter. It is a pure assumption that the verses will be improved by the poet's perfidy. It is true he will gain an experience—that of his own heartlessness and his mistress's sorrow—and he will so far have something more to describe than he had before. But he will also lose other experiences that he might have had. If Goethe had turned away at the beginning from following after Frederika, he would have had the experience of turning away. He would have had an ex-

cellent opportunity of testing his capacity for transitory suffering. Even if he had married Frederika after the termination of one of those wonderful engagements which prevail in Germany, and which keep the affianced couple in a transport of affection and happiness for nine or ten years, it is not clear that his verses would have much suffered. During his lifetime three English poets married three young women much in the same position as Frederika, and yet wrote a great deal of good poetry afterwards. If Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, in their different ways, managed to write after they were married, Goethe might have done the same. The greatest of Goethe's works turn on the most sublime and abstruse points of moral and religious inquiry, and surely a man does not cease to take an interest in his soul because he marries rather a rustic young lady. If the connexion with Frederika was an unequal one, if she was incapable of making him happy, if his relations would have objected to the match, or if he thought his means inadequate, there might be very good reasons why he should inflict on her the pain of a final separation. But these reasons would be equally good whether he ever wrote a verse of poetry in his life or not. There is no mission needed to take advantage of them. The plain truth is that Goethe found he had got into a scrape. He had passion, but not affection; and when he came to reflect on his flirtation and its possible consequences, he thought he should be throwing himself away and greatly annoying his parents if he let the affair end in marriage. It was probably not until much later that he discovered that, in pleasing himself and making the girl unhappy, he was doing, poetically, the right thing, and enabling himself to write a kind of verse that would otherwise have escaped him.

Not the least service rendered by the excellent life of Goethe by Mr. Lewes was the just estimate of Goethe's theory of self-culture which it instilled into its readers. There was much that was really great in the discipline which Goethe exercised over himself, and a large share of the obloquy to which the theory of self-culture has been exposed arises from the inveterate hatred of the human mind to all forms of exertion and self-conquest. But self-culture is a very dangerous toy to most of those who are inclined to take it up, and usually degenerates into a peculiarly unamiable form of selfishness. Nothing is more apt to confuse the moral judgment; and one of the very best fruits of English good sense is that, although advocated by such distinguished champions, the theory of conscious self-development has been so entirely rejected. We must not impute to Goethe all the consequences which the adoption of this theory would entail on inferior men, but the extent to which he allowed himself to be captivated by this theory, to hug it as his own creation, to allow it retrospective effect, and use it to colour the past events of his life, is by no means creditable to him. It must also be remembered that there was in Goethe a touch of charlatanism. He was like Napoleon in this, and sought to dazzle his immediate attendants and followers by the vague grandeur of his beliefs and the importance he assigned himself in the schemes of Providence. The biography of Goethe brings all this to its proper level; but this dramatic *nouvelette* places Goethe again on the pedestal of idol-worship. Whatever he does is wisest, discreetest, and best. We cannot agree with this. The English public would only be going back if it bowed down to an idol into the inside of which it has once calmly looked. This dramatic *nouvelette*, therefore, appears to us a mistake; and although it is clever, and neatly written, and not unamusing, it is not, we fear, likely to confer much that is beneficial or palatable on the English public.

LIFE OF GENERAL JACKSON.*

IF the importance of a man were measured by the length of his biography, or even by the amount of intelligent and conscientious labour bestowed upon it, General Jackson would unquestionably be entitled to a much higher place in history than has usually been conferred upon him. Mr. Parton's first volume, which we reviewed on its appearance some months ago, brought down the life of its subject to the age of forty-seven, and to the year 1814; but, in the present volume, which is quite as long and even more laborious and elaborate, 672 immense octavo pages, many of which are printed in very small type, are devoted to the events of nine years, and no less than 276 are appropriated to what it is impossible not to describe as a childishly minute account of the battle of New Orleans and its attendant circumstances. A more curious specimen of the extreme form of hero-worship than Mr. Parton's book has seldom been produced. No transaction in which General Jackson ever was engaged appears to him to deserve to be forgotten, and as he lived a most active and varied life for considerably more than eighty years, the announcement on the title-page that the book is to be completed in three volumes excites in the mind of the readers of the first two an odd mixture of gratitude and surprise. As there still remain to be told all the incidents of three Presidential elections—and the ins and outs of such proceedings are the least interesting and the most complicated of the contemporary transactions of mankind—there ought to have been three volumes at least to contain the things which should be written.

* *Life of Andrew Jackson.* In Three Volumes. By James Parton. Vol. II. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Mr. Parton is entitled to credit for the completeness with which he has imitated Mr. Carlyle's example in respect of carefulness and minuteness of investigation. He seems to have read, and to have sifted with much diligence and considerable impartiality and skill, every document which can throw any light on General Jackson or his times; and he owns, with great candour, that on many occasions his hero's conduct was altogether unjustifiable, whilst he goes so far as to pass a similar judgment on the policy of the United States themselves towards Spain in respect of Florida and the Seminole war. This, as times go, is very high praise, when the object of it is an American; but it must be qualified by the observation that, unfortunately for the literary merit of his book, Mr. Parton has imitated the style as well as the accuracy of Mr. Carlyle, and the result is, as far as it goes, simply deplorable. He is continually trying to be humorous and emphatic, and has a lamentable weakness for the historical present. For example, a chapter headed "After the battle," is broken up somewhat as follows:—"Nine o'clock—The Carolina, as we have seen, ceases her deadly fire. The fog has spread over the field, &c. Ten o'clock.—The American troops have retired, and are spread over the plain, &c. One o'clock in the morning.—Silence reigns in both camps," &c. &c. There is something excessively undignified and hysterical in the effect produced by this constant effort to force occurrences to be picturesque by mere tricks of language. Sometimes it produces a ludicrous confusion of words, as in such a sentence as this—"No; it was not his last. He will figure in another scene by and by which was eminently theatrical."

The general outline of the transactions in which General Jackson was engaged from 1814 to 1823 is as follows:—In the latter part of 1814 he was in command at New Orleans, then threatened by an English expedition under General Pakenham. Towards the end of the year the expedition landed from 6000 to 7000 men, who, after an indecisive night action between the first division which reached its position and General Jackson's forces, attempted to storm an entrenchment thrown up for the defence of the city, and were defeated with a loss which, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was enormous. After this victory, which procured him for the rest of his life unbounded popularity amongst all classes of his countrymen, Jackson passed two or three years in correspondences about public affairs, which are reprinted by Mr. Parton at as much length as if they were interesting, but which, to all but those who make a minute special study of the details of American politics, would appear to be intolerably tiresome. In the year 1817 these avocations were varied by the Seminole war—a transaction of which, to judge by Mr. Parton's account, all who took part in it ought to have been ashamed. The Seminoles were Indians inhabiting Florida, which at that time belonged to Spain. They considered that, under the Treaty of Ghent, they had claims on the United States; and they appear to have been visited first by a Colonel Nichols (an Irishman) and afterwards by other British subjects, whom the Americans viewed as agents of this country, for the purpose of fomenting discontent, though the evidence that they did so seems to be weak in the extreme, except as regards one of them—a man named Ambrister, who certainly took command of a party engaged in active hostility against the States. On the frontier of Georgia there were, as usual, outrages and reprisals between the settlers and the Indians, and these ultimately led to the march of Jackson, at the head of a regular force, to punish the Indians—an object which he effected with very little difficulty. This was, however, little more than an excuse. The real object was to take possession of Florida; and with that view Jackson occupied the Spanish fortress of St. Mark, and upon receiving a protest from the governor of Florida against his presence in the province at all, took by storm Pensacola and its fort, Barrancas. In addition to this, he hung the principal Indian chiefs and prophets without even the form of a trial, and brought before a court martial, and caused to be executed, two Englishmen, Ambrister and Arbuthnot, on the charge of stirring up the Indians against the United States. Ambrister, no doubt, was taken with arms in his hands; but the proceedings against him were entirely unjustifiable, whilst the execution of Arbuthnot is described by Mr. Parton himself as "an act of such complicated and unmitigated atrocity, that to call it murder would be to defame ordinary murderers." He throws the guilt, however, rather on the members of the court-martial than on Jackson—a curious view of the case, as Jackson ordered the court-martial and confirmed the sentence.

The remainder of Mr. Parton's volume is occupied principally by an account of the debates in the House of Representatives on Jackson's conduct, and of the popular demonstrations of delight which rewarded his extravagant and tyrannical insolence. His conduct was characteristically sanctioned both by the House and by the nation at large, and hardly any circumstance could throw a stronger light on the general lawlessness which the possession of unbridled power must always produce in a nation where, as every one is a ruler, no one is responsible. Besides these topics, the volume contains minute accounts of several quarrels and controversies between Jackson and different people with whom he was brought into relation, but they are not very intelligible, and are absolutely uninteresting.

The extraordinary and durable popularity which Jackson appears to have obtained is a circumstance which well deserves attentive consideration. It is impossible not to feel that, intrin-

sically, he was by no means a remarkable man. He was no doubt brave and resolute, but he was also narrow-minded, ignorant, and violent to the highest possible degree; and though he was unquestionably successful in many of his undertakings, he does not appear to have owed his success to any very rare or peculiar gifts. At New Orleans he was within a hair's breadth of being entirely and indeed shamefully defeated, and he owed his victory almost entirely to the blunders of his opponent. Mr. Parton's account of the campaign—if it is to be so called—which ended in this action, is the most interesting part of his book; and it is highly improbable that any one else should ever think it worth while to investigate the subject with equal minuteness. The battle upon which the Americans have ever since prided themselves so intensely was fought on the 8th of January, 1815. General Pakenham had allowed several days to pass after his landing without advancing to the town, in front of which General Jackson threw up an entrenchment, reaching from the Mississippi to a marsh on the opposite side of the firm ground. After marching out his troops, in hope of carrying the entrenchment at once—a hope which turned out to be very ill-founded—Pakenham determined to attack it with cannon, brought for the purpose from the ships; but when the batteries—constructed in a great measure of sugar hogsheads—were opened, they were speedily silenced by the American batteries, which were made of more appropriate materials. After a week had passed, and after the entrenchment had been considerably strengthened, the English General determined to cause part of his forces to cross the river, to take certain batteries placed there by the Americans, and to turn them upon the inside of General Jackson's lines, seconding this proceeding by an attack on the front of the lines with the main body. If this scheme had been adhered to, the Americans would infallibly have been driven out of their position, and forced to evacuate the town; but, by what now appears to have been an almost inconceivable piece of folly, the attack was made upon the entrenchment in front before the result of the attempt on the other side of the river was known. The consequence of this was that the troops advanced to attack, without any protection whatever, lines which, a few days before, had silenced batteries of heavy cannon. The result was that in about twenty minutes some fifteen hundred men were shot down with scarcely any damage to the defenders of the lines, who lost only eight men killed and fourteen wounded. After this butchery was over, and when both General Pakenham and General Gibbs (who was second in command) were mortally wounded, Colonel Thornton, who commanded on the other bank of the river, drove the Americans from their position, and might, if supplied with even a single heavy cannon, have made the lines on the other side untenable. General Lambert, who had succeeded to the command, was, however, too much dispirited by the loss inflicted on his men to pursue this advantage, and shortly afterwards retreated.

This was the famous battle of New Orleans. It is obvious that nothing can be more idle than to look upon it as any test of the comparative military qualities of the two nations. The course of events was no doubt wonderfully fortunate for Jackson; but the very completeness of his victory shows that it was owing rather to his opponents than to himself, whilst his narrow escape from total defeat by the operations on the other bank of the river proves that his generalship had nothing very extraordinary about it. The battle of New Orleans is often quoted as an instance of the value of militia and irregular troops when they fight behind entrenchments, but it hardly proves the assertion. The American troops did show great courage during the war of 1814, and in some cases—especially in the invasion of Canada—they defeated our own countrymen in the open field after engagements of the most desperate kind, as in others they were defeated by them; but at New Orleans they had no opportunity of displaying their courage. All that they had to do was to fire from behind safe cover for a very few minutes at a mark which they could not possibly miss. Mr. Parton says that though the firing continued from the American line for two hours, the fighting was over in twenty minutes, and as the English never even reached the entrenchment, the glory was out of all proportion to the risk. It is a curious circumstance that, of the two battles on which the Americans dwell with the greatest satisfaction, one (Bunker's Hill) should have been a defeat, whilst the other (New Orleans) though undoubtedly a most important victory, was one in which their main body hardly lost a man; whilst the only part of the army which came to close quarters with the English—the Kentuckians and Louisianians—on the western bank, were utterly routed in a few minutes.

It is, however, quite true that the short campaign before New Orleans gives some encouragement to those who maintain the importance of irregular troops, and especially of riflemen, fighting in their own country, though not precisely in the form in which it is generally supposed to give it. During all the proceedings which occurred before the final action, the annoyance inflicted on the English troops by the American skirmishers was intolerable. "To undertake the duties of a picket," says Mr. Gleig, "was as dangerous as to go into action. Parties of American sharpshooters harassed and disturbed those appointed to that service from the time they took possession of their post till they were relieved, while to light fires at night was impossible, because they served as certain marks for the enemy's gunners." So, too,

immediately after their landing, the first detachment of the English forces was attacked at night by a considerable number of volunteers and militia, who not only fought with extraordinary courage, but with very great effect. The darkness and confusion put discipline and regular formations very much out of the question, and the consequence was that the troops were not only greatly harassed, but severe loss was inflicted on them, and their advance was checked. Indeed, though the main incident of the campaign appears to be pretty generally exaggerated or misunderstood, its whole history proves conclusively that brave men, armed with deadly weapons, acquainted with their use, and determined to defend their country to the utmost, can always find means to make themselves truly formidable to an invading force, even though they may not be regular soldiers.

PROFESSOR OWEN ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.*

A SUMMARY of the present state of knowledge in regard to an important branch of natural science, coming from the pen of its greatest living authority, can require no fiat of contemporary criticism to secure the attention of the students of science, and that of the much larger number who desire, with the least possible trouble, to keep themselves informed as to its main results. The latter class are especially indebted to Professor Owen for having consented to condense and compress into a single volume his vast store of knowledge, and the fruits of the assiduous application of his powerful intellect, to widening the range of our acquaintance with the inhabitants of the earth during the past epochs of geological time. The student may, perhaps, regret that, for the attainment of that object, the author has found it necessary to compress important branches of his subject within such narrow limits that not more than ninety pages are devoted to all the classes of invertebrate animals; but this merely amounts to the wish that he had written a complete treatise instead of a summary. It may, perhaps, be surmised that our great comparative anatomist reserves for the termination of his scientific labours the completion of a new *Animal Kingdom*, wherein the constantly increasing results of discovery and study in enlarging and completing the edifice constructed by his illustrious predecessor may be finally reduced to order and shape by the living successor of George Cuvier.

Be this as it may, the present volume will be read as well by the many who are content to accept with submission the dicta of the master as by the few who are not afraid to question his judgment upon particular points. The portions of the work that will most excite the interest of readers are naturally those in which the need of abridgment has been least felt by the writer; and he has allowed himself to develop with some completeness the facts and reasonings that have given to our knowledge of the structure and habits of many extinct animals—known only by portions of their bony skeleton—a character of certainty scarcely inferior to that of our acquaintance with the species that are kept in zoological gardens. The parts of the volume devoted to the Reptiles and Mammalia contain many pages that cannot fail to interest deeply the most cursory reader who has learned enough of the glossary of comparative anatomy to understand the terms used to distinguish the several parts of the skeleton; but those parts of the work which contain a mere summary of the author's views are unavoidably dry reading to those who have not already a pretty full acquaintance with the subject.

Quite irrespective of the solid matter that gives a permanent value to the present work, there is an additional consideration that will attract many readers. The controversy excited by the appearance of Darwin's remarkable work on the *Origin of Species* has passed beyond the bounds of the study and lecture-room into the drawing-room and the public street. Those who have been persuaded by the arguments and the skill with which Mr. Darwin presented his theory, or who have been simply led away by the novelty of his views, and those who shrink from them with aversion, because of the dangerous consequences towards which they seem to point, have equally sought for confirmation of their own opinions in the judgments of the few who are really competent to form an independent judgment on the subject.

The few pages towards the close of his volume in which Professor Owen refers to the various hypotheses relating to the origin of species have, doubtless, been read with eagerness by very many who have not attempted to digest the entire work. Whether because a fuller discussion would have unduly swelled the dimensions of his book, or because the subject threatened to lead towards personal controversy—undesirable in such a work—the oracle is unusually reserved, and scarcely anything is said that might not have been inferred from its former utterances. Enough, indeed, there is to show the direction towards which the writer's opinions tend, but it seems as though he had imposed upon himself the rule which, as he says elsewhere, nature follows in her teachings—they are whispered rather than outspoken. It is plain that he does not believe that the last hypothesis, any more than its predecessors, has solved the mystery of the ultimate problem of zoology; but it is equally evident that he does not regard as satisfactory the opinion that the first formation of each new species is due to a separate and intermittent exertion of the

will of the Creator, and that he looks forward to the future discovery of a secondary law by which the appearance of new forms of animated nature has been regulated.

Those who may have been disappointed in their desire for a fuller statement of the opinions of so eminent an authority on the chief scientific controversy of the day had not to wait very long for the satisfaction of their curiosity. In the *Edinburgh Review* of last month there is an article which certainly cannot be charged with any undue reticence, either in criticising the works of others or in expressing the views of the anonymous writer. We will not attempt to decide whether he has sat at the feet, or stood in the very shoes, of the author of *Palaontology*, but it is perfectly clear that the reviewer has done no more than develop and expand the ideas which are implicitly contained in the last few pages of the work, whose publication very shortly preceded that of the *Review*. He has used the same arguments and the same materials; and we may therefore not unfairly conclude that he represents the deliberate opinions of the eminent Professor, leaving those who are curious in such inquiries to investigate for themselves the question of identity.

There is no denying that, with those who regulate their opinions by the judgment of others, the decided opposition of the foremost living comparative anatomist will go far to neutralize the advantage which the new theory has obtained by the adhesion of several scarcely less distinguished names. The small number of those who—not sufficiently conspicuous to have become parties in the controversy—are striving with due patience and caution to form an independent judgment upon the subject of this deeply interesting discussion, may probably differ in their estimate of the real importance of the attack to which the theory of natural selection is subjected by the *Edinburgh* reviewer. It seems beyond question that neither Mr. Darwin nor some of the other writers engaged have sufficiently taken account of that great reserve of undiscovered truth which biology, even more than other branches of science, has hitherto kept concealed from the student of nature. Forgetting how much still remains for future discovery and speculation, they have argued as if there were no option between the acceptance of natural selection as the one preponderating, if not exclusive, agency by which new forms of organized life have appeared on our earth, and the utter denial of any secondary law of the creation of species. It is pretty certain that, if Professor Owen had not hitherto thought it unwise to give definite expression to the ideas which he has from time to time hinted at, neither Mr. Darwin nor any other competent naturalist would have overlooked his opinions or failed to give them the consideration to which they are necessarily entitled. He has deliberately refrained from the enunciation of any hypothesis; perhaps he has not allowed himself even to form any clear conception of the relation which the phenomena of vegetative repetition—of relation to, and progressive departure from, an archetype—of parthenogenesis—may bear to each other in that ultimate theory of the Origin of Species of which *Palaontology* gives foreboding, but which is more distinctly presaged by the *Edinburgh* reviewer. No one surely will blame the prudent reserve that has restrained Professor Owen—as it has restrained many of the greatest scientific inquirers—from advancing a single step upon the uncertain ground of speculation, and kept them rigidly confined to the firm footway of inductive reasoning; but neither can we agree with the reviewer who would proscribe every attempt to strike out a new path, and who denies that such attempts have contributed to the progress of science. The field to be occupied is so vast and the obstacles to progress so numerous that Science can find suitable service for all who enrol themselves under her banner. She admits recruits of the most opposite faculties and tempers—nay, more true it is, that she cannot well dispense with them. If Wellington had been once led away by the spirit of adventure, he never would have carried the British arms from Torres Vedras to the Bidasoa, nor achieved the day of Waterloo; if Victor Emmanuel had not thrown himself amongst the Austrian bayonets at Palestro, he would, probably not now rule over Florence, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, and certainly not hold his present place in the esteem and the affections of his countrymen. Not to name other branches of science, we may fairly ask whether geology, of which palaontology is the chief handmaid and guide, would ever have attained to its present comparatively mature condition if its founders had rigidly abstained from every hypothesis that was not sustainable by complete inductive demonstration? Did the Wernerian and Huttonian theories contribute in no degree to our knowledge of the earth's past history? Have not the speculations of Agassiz and Charpentier helped to lead us to a far more complete knowledge of its condition during the period immediately preceding the present order of things? The progress of science has indeed been cumbered by the accumulation of vast piles of worthless speculation—worthless, not because it went beyond the limits of demonstration, but because it did not start from the basis of truth and nature. The man whose genius or fortune enables him to discern a link in the mechanism of nature hitherto overlooked is almost certain to be dazzled by the light of his own discovery, and to over-estimate the extent and the efficacy of its operation. Such has been the case in each of the instances above cited—it is the tribute which even superior minds pay to the common infirmity of our nature—and in our opinion it has been the case with Mr. Darwin.

Natural selection will, we are persuaded, be henceforward recognised as a *vera causa* which has operated both in modifying

* *Palaontology; or, a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals and their Geological Relations.* By Richard Owen, F.R.S., &c. &c. Edinburgh: Black.

animal and vegetable forms and in extinguishing those that have ceased to be fully adapted to the surrounding conditions of existence; but we are equally persuaded that, taken by itself, it is inadequate to explain the entire past history of vital phenomena as developed in our planet. If we endeavour to apply the hypothesis in its absolute form, and to trace the derivation of all organized beings from a single original, we are met, amongst a host of minor difficulties, by that most startling one—the utter disappearance of whole tribes and classes of animals and plants that must have once existed if the chain of organized life were in truth a continuous one, yet have left no relics in the contemporaneous formations. Defective as the geological record may be, every class and almost every order of existing aquatic animals is represented by fossils extracted from the Silurian strata. If the Palæozoic fishes descended from a common ancestor with their contemporary Crustaceans and Cephalopods, where are the remains of those classes and orders that must have intervened in the line of descent? The longer the genealogy, the greater the probability of finding some of the family records.

It may be supposed that some such difficulty as this induced Mr. Darwin to hesitate at carrying out his theory to its utmost length, and to lean to the supposition that the beginnings of organized existence may have been, not a single one, but four or five primitive types of animals, and an equal number of plants. The consequences of this modification of the theory have scarcely been sufficiently noticed either by hostile or by friendly critics. No competent zoologist has studied the organization of the cuttle-fish without being struck by the analogies presented by the structure of that singular animal with each one of the great divisions of the animal kingdom. The tribe to which it belongs made its appearance comparatively late in the world's history. Let us suppose, in accordance with Mr. Darwin's theory, that this most highly organized of mollusks had been gradually improved by natural selection from a low primitive type. Whence are derived the analogies that connect this descendant of the original mollusk with the offspring of the first radiate, the first articulate, and the first vertebrate animal? Do they not give distinct intimation of the presence of another law of structure, another *vera causa* regulating the forms of the animated world, besides that natural selection whose agency Mr. Darwin has been the first clearly to bring to light? Is it not more philosophical to search patiently for the true nature of the cause that lies behind, recognised, though not seen, when we use the word "analogy" as applicable to the relations of all organized beings, than to disregard the obvious indications of its presence, and fill up the broad chasm of our ignorance by assumptions that may be admitted to be within the range of bare possibility, but which are certainly not sustained by the only available evidence?

Many of those who may be disposed to agree more nearly with the opinions of the *Edinburgh* reviewer than with those of Mr. Darwin, will, nevertheless, regret some passages wherein the former writer seems to have been led, in the ardour of controversy, to forget somewhat of the mutual respect which all earnest seekers for truth owe to each other. Independently of the amply sufficient evidence given by his own assertion of the fact, there appears nothing improbable in Mr. Darwin's statement that his ideas as to the origin of species were first suggested by reflection on the relations between the present and the past inhabitants of South America. The prolonged existence of certain peculiar types of structure amongst animals specifically, and even generically distinct, inhabiting a geographically isolated region, is a fact which, so far as it goes, points towards the supposition that such animals might have been derived from a common ancestor. In another portion of the same review the writer attacks in vehement terms another distinguished contemporary, on account of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, for the purpose of explaining and illustrating Mr. Darwin's views. Professor Huxley has not always treated received opinions and established reputations with much tenderness; but we are bound to say that the lecture in question did not appear to many of the hearers to deserve the censures with which it has been visited by the reviewer, who, if he had been present, would scarcely have regarded the parallel drawn between the series of varieties produced by selection, and the supposed relation existing between four existing genera of ungulate quadrupeds, as one adopted and defended by the lecturer, instead of being simply an illustration of the theory he was seeking to explain. The reviewer suggests a parallel between the varieties of the horse and those of the pigeon. It may be more applicable and more true than that given at the Royal Institution, but it would be no illustration of the Darwinian theory. That theory rests on the assumption, that if a sufficient lapse of time and other favourable conditions be allowed, the progeny of a common ancestor may be modified through natural selection until they differ as widely as the horse, the tapir, the rhinoceros, and the hyrax. It is quite true that the tapir is more nearly allied to the extinct *Lophiodon* than to the *Palæotherium*; but if we are not greatly mistaken, the freshwater beds of Languedoc that have yielded the remains of *Lophiodon* are of miocene age, while the more ancient *Palæotherium* comes from the upper eocene of France and England. It is at least possible that Mr. Darwin may regard the newer quadruped as the modified descendant of the older one, and the existing tapirs as modern representatives of the same branch of the family.

With the charge of heterodoxy, which is rather freely urged

against the reviewer's opponents, we prefer not to meddle. The writer must know that similar charges have been launched in succession against all those whose labours have most contributed to establish geology on its present basis. Sedgwick, Buckland, Lyell, and Owen have each in turn been denounced as subverters of established religious truth. Men of science at least should be sparing in the use of such arms. It is their part to maintain the doctrine that physical truth, attained by the legitimate use of observation and reasoning, cannot possibly contradict the teachings of true religion. Those who believe that the testimony of nature, as pronounced in the geologic record, is opposed to the new theory, may be content to try the issue upon that ground alone. To appeal to an external authority seems to imply a doubt of the soundness of their own case.

LORD MAIDSTONE ON THE BOOK OF JOB.*

LORD MAIDSTONE'S name is not unknown to the Muses, though it has hitherto been in connexion with subjects of a more purely secular interest. If our memory does no injustice to the fertility of his pen, a pasquinade on the election of 1852 was his last contribution to the poetry of his country. But his elevation to the Peerage has naturally been accompanied by a corresponding elevation in his style. His lampoon, if we remember right, was very harmless, and in no way calculated to hurt anybody's feelings; and we can conscientiously accord the same praise to the present production, always assuming that Job and his three friends are by this time inaccessible to the pangs of translated authorship. It is impossible not to appreciate the uncontrollable industry to which it is evidently due. In fact, it is like those angular roses and whitybrown lilies which young matrons are fond of producing upon canvas, with such infinite labour to themselves, and such imperceptible results to the drawing-room furniture. Without taking into consideration the personal position of the producer, the aim and object of the production might remain a hopeless mystery. But Dr. Watts' monitory couplet, with reference to "idle hands," applies probably as much to earls as to more plebeian clay; and no doubt verse-making is a more healthful and intellectual labour than playing at legislation by taking part in the afternoon gossip of the House of Lords. Moreover, Lord Maidstone has an hereditary character for piety to maintain, and a personal character for ability to resuscitate; and perhaps he thinks that, for the purposes of future political invective, a close study of Job's replies to his three friends may furnish him with a loftier model than he has hitherto been accustomed to follow. At the same time, we must admit that the idea of rendering the Book of Job into the metre of *John Gilpin* implies an originality of conception to which the mind becomes accustomed with difficulty. Yet, if we take into consideration the object of his labours indicated in his preface—

The work is truly colossal; and yet it scarcely seems to have reached the popularity which it merits. I attribute this chiefly to the absence of rhythm and cadence in the translation, without which every poem must appear bald and unsatisfactory; and it has been my object in the following pages to remedy this defect at the smallest possible sacrifice of fidelity to the original—

there can be no question of the judgment with which he has selected his pattern. Whether *John Gilpin* be a colossal work or not, it has undoubtedly reached all the popularity it merits.

If any book in the Bible is a fit subject for metrical translation it is the Book of Psalms; and Mr. Keble, who from his tone of mind and the genuine popularity of the poems he has published, is an unimpeachable judge in such a case, has pronounced, after himself making the attempt, that the task, if it is to be done well, is a hopeless one. What is true of the Psalms is still more true of the *Book of Job*. Anyhow, the person who attempts it has need to be a consummate master of versification. Metrical translation is in truth a very difficult species of verbal packing. A given set of ideas have to be packed in a set of verbal cases which they were not originally made to fit, and which they probably resemble but little either in shape or size. The packer's resource in such a difficulty is to fill up the interstices with paper or hay. The translator imitates this expedient by the use of what used at school to be called "botches," or more delicately, expletives; and the less skilful he is in his craft, the more freely does he recur to this resource. Metrical translations affecting to be faithful are never very satisfactory performances. If they are well done, they are stiff—if they are ill done, they degenerate into a washy doggerel. Byron's translation of the *Morgante Maggiore* is, for minute fidelity, one of the most wonderful *tours de force* of this kind ever performed; and yet even that has an awkward and ungainly ring. We can hardly attribute to Lord Maidstone any portion of Byron's marvellous facility of versification. Fearless dilution saves his verse from being ungainly, but at the sacrifice of all the grandeur which in a poetical point of view is the Book of Job's chief recommendation. A specimen, however, will best enable our readers to judge of the Book of Job *John Gilpinized*. It is taken from the scene in heaven:—

Now upon a day, the sons of God
Came service meet to do,
Before the presence of the Lord—
And Satan, he came too.

* The Poem of the Book of Job done into English Verse. By the Earl of Winchelsea (late Viscount Maidstone). London: Smith and Elder. 1860.

Then said the Lord to Satan,
 "Whence, Satan, comest thou?"—
 And he answer'd, "From the Earth I come,
 From going to and fro,
 And from walking up and down in it,
 Even and morn, I trow."
 Then said the Lord to Satan,
 "Hast thou consider'd this—
 That there is none on Earth like Job,
 My servant true, I wis?"

This is a good sample of the style in which the noble translator fills up the unmanageable gaps which would constantly have defied the ingenuity of a less daring artist. "I wis," "I trow," "I ween," act the part of the hay in Lord Maidstone's system of packing, and have the advantage of suiting the Deity and the Devil equally well. Perhaps a still more striking instance of their general usefulness is presented by the passage where the messenger comes in breathless to announce the inroad of the Sabeans, and begins his tale of calamity with—

The oxen were at plough,
 And the asses fed beside them
 As heretofore, I trow.

These valuable ejaculations carry us back to the schoolboy days when verses were laboriously built up out of the "epithets and synonyms" in the Gradus, when *jam jam* was a metrical instrument of great price, and *usque* was looked upon as the most estimable word in the Latin language, on account of its capabilities for the pentameter. But Lord Maidstone not unfrequently finds himself in difficulties where "I wis" and "I trow" will not help him out; and in such cases he relieves himself with a fluency worthy of Tate and Brady. Zophar says in one passage that the measure of the Divine perfection is "longer than the earth and broader than the sea," which Lord Maidstone renders—

The measure thereof's longer
 Than the wide confines of earth,
 And broader than the sounding sea
 With all her monstrous birth.

From which we may gather that length and width are the same things, and that the breadth of the sea is due to "her monstrous birth."

The author, however, does not deny that the Book of Job, or at least the authorized version of it, is capable of improvement. "Some passages," he observes, "are obscure from the mere absence of poetical amplification, and others from the translator's ignorance of the local colouring of the East." We should be doing injustice to the labour he has evidently bestowed upon this work, if we did not give our readers specimens of the manner in which he has supplied these two defects. Elihu, in descanting on the mysteries of the Divine power as displayed in nature, asks Job if he knows "How thy garments are warm when He quieteth the earth by the south wind?" This expression is terse and simple, and obviously requires poetical amplification. Accordingly Lord Maidstone translates:—

How unbearable thy garments,
 How superfluous thy clothes,
 When He quieteth the face of earth,
 And the warm south wind blows.

Equal skill is displayed in supplying the other defect—"the translator's ignorance of the local colouring of the East." This is principally effected by the occasional insertion of Arabic or other learned words. When Job says that the "waters are dried up," Lord Maidstone gives a local colouring to the expression by rendering it "the waters of the wady fail." These colouring words are not always selected with any particular reference to their meaning. For instance, when Job rends his mantle, he is said in this book to rend his "haick;" which is all very correct. But when the three friends rend their mantles, they are each made, in deference to the exigencies of the metre, to rend their "bornoose"—a garment which is as like a haick as a great-coat is to a plaid. With the same elegant license the Lord is made to ask Job whether he can fill the Leviathan's head with "many an assagaye"—from which we must infer that Lord Maidstone believes Job to have been a Kafir. But "a local colouring" may be given, he thinks, not only by the insertion of some half-dozen Arab words, but also by appropriate metaphors; and accordingly he tries his hand at metaphors. In the Lord's answer to Job the question is asked, "Who can number the clouds in wisdom, or who can stay the bottles of heaven?" One would have thought that the last metaphor was violent enough for the most Oriental imagination. But to the noble versifier's eyes it needs developing:—

Or who can stay the bottles
 That Heaven's reserve enshrouds.

To talk of "a reserve enshrouding" anything is rather an appalling mixture of the military and the funereal. But to express the idea of rain by a reserve enshrouding bottles is a conglomeration of metaphors never equalled, except by Mr. Robert Montgomery's famous line

One great Enchanter helmed the harmonious whole.

He might as well describe a fortress as a cellaret enshrouding grenadiers.

But we are bound to say that there is nothing un-English in Lord Maidstone's writing. He is even better than his word. He not only gives us the local colouring of the East, but also a good

deal of the local colouring of the West—especially of the West End. The speakers in this ancient debate become under the noble poet's hands quite Parliamentary in their repartees. Job objects to Bildad that he has made "a ponderous statement;" and Elihu taunts all the three friends with having delivered "long-winded speeches." No doubt in these phrases still glimmer the youthful fires of an extinct Parliamentary career. Are we to take that remarkable passage in which he designates the Deity as "His Excellence," as the result of diplomatic reminiscences? At the end, however, he changes his tone. It was poetically fitting that the *dénouement* of the tale should savour, not of the sad memories of the past, but of the more cheerful enjoyments of the present. The trials of the patriarch end in happiness; and the noble poet adorns the pleasing picture with those details of bliss which his mind instinctively associates with the idea of perfect happiness:—

And in all the land for beauty
 And wealth, beyond compare,
 As his daughters, were no women found
 So fashionably fair.

We wonder he omitted to add that they had a great *succès* in Arab society, and that each of them eventually secured an excellent *parti*.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED ADMIRALS.*

THIS little book contains sketches of the lives of seven celebrated admirals. Its form is that of a series of letters addressed to a young relative of the authoress, who had lately entered the royal navy. Although the book was published some years back, it now claims a share of that attention which works on naval subjects are receiving in such large measure, and therefore it appears to fall within the reviewer's ordinary jurisdiction. It was certainly a well-intended, and on the whole we think it a successful effort. We have endeavoured to keep in mind, in judging of it, that it professes to be written for the information of a very young midshipman; and it may be hoped that readers of the same age will not be sensible of the absurdity which the notion of letters from an aunt on naval tactics may perhaps suggest to more instructed minds. We should certainly have felt much more respect both for the skill and judgment of the authoress if she had confined herself to those parts of her subject which she was undeniably capable of treating in an effective manner. She might, for instance, have set before her young readers' minds a noble and instructive picture of the patriotism, the vigilance, the gentleness, the protracted services, and the homeward yearnings of Lord Collingwood, without attempting to describe the part he played in Lord Howe's victory, and thus falling into inevitable mistakes.

The character of Lord Collingwood is so well suited to a lady's pen that the chapter devoted to him is naturally the most successful of the volume, and we may also venture to pronounce it the most useful to the young sailor. Nothing that the authoress could compose or quote for her relative's guidance in his early years of service could possibly be more impressive or appropriate than the letter which Lord Collingwood, when a post-captain, wrote to a young midshipman. The advice which it contains is excellent, and it is also admirable as a specimen of that simple eloquence which the writer either had derived from nature or managed to acquire during a life spent almost entirely on board ship:—

You may depend upon it that it is more in your own power than in anybody else's to promote both your comfort and advancement. A strict and unwearied attention to your duty, and a complacent and respectful behaviour not only to your superiors but to everybody, will ensure you their regard, and the reward will surely come; but if it should not, I am convinced you have too much good sense to let disappointment sour you. Guard carefully against letting discontent appear in you. It is sorrow to your friends, a triumph to your competitors, and cannot be productive of any good. Conduct yourself so as to deserve the best that can come to you, and the consciousness of your own proper behaviour will keep you in spirits if it should not come. Let it be your ambition to be foremost in all duty. Do not be a nice observer of turns, but ever present yourself ready for everything, and unless your officers are very inattentive men, they will not allow others to impose more duty on you than they should.

And after an earnest caution against intemperance and low companions, he thus proceeds:—

Read, let me charge you to read. Study books that treat of your profession or of history. Thus employed you will always be in good company. Nature has sown in man the seeds of knowledge, but they must be cultivated to produce fruit. Wisdom does not come by instinct, but will be found when diligently sought for. Seek her, she will be a friend that will never fail you.

These lines were penned in 1786, and we believe they remain to this day the wisest rules of conduct that could be framed for the guidance of the youthful midshipman. Those who keep them constantly in mind will hear, when far from home and friends, the voice as of a kind and prudent father ever sounding in their ears, and bidding them walk with hope and firmness in the path of duty and of honour. But it must not be concealed that the example of Lord Collingwood, however beautiful and instructive it might have been deemed by the best and wisest of his contemporaries, was not altogether perfect when tested by certain rules to which his most recent biographer attaches a very high value.

* *The Wooden Walls of Old England; or, The Lives of Celebrated Admirals.* By Margaret Fraser Tytler, author of "Tales of the Great and Brave," and "Tales of Good and Great Kings." Hatchard. 1847.

There is, in fact, some reason to suspect that the worthy Admiral's views of the doctrine of justification by faith were not so orthodox as could have been wished. It appears that our authoress has abridged this chapter from an earlier and larger work, and she proceeded with great satisfaction in her task until she arrived at the description of the calm death of Lord Collingwood at sea, on his way home to obtain that repose which it had been hoped would restore his shattered health:—

He told one of his attendants that he had endeavoured, as far as was possible, to review all the actions of his past life, and that he had the happiness to say that nothing gave him a moment's uneasiness; and therefore it was he passed so calmly to the grave.

It is hoped that this passage was "a misconception on the part of the narrator." The authoress, although vague, and sometimes wanting in confidence, upon points of seamanship, is definite and well knows that she is irrefragable in her divinity. She was certain that the good Lord Collingwood never could have expressed this false and presumptuous hope, and she would have passed by the alleged speech altogether, but for the fear that her young nephew, being of course well instructed in the articles of the Church, might impute to the excellent Admiral that he held unsound doctrine. But we must acknowledge that it appears to us highly probable that Lord Collingwood did make the speech ascribed to him. Nay more, we suspect that many persons have read the volume in which it is contained without feeling any shadow of doubt that it gave a perfectly true account of the last scene of its hero's life. It is melancholy to reflect that the doctrine of justification by faith alone should be thus lost sight of not only by distinguished admirals, but by those who write and those who read their lives. But it is certain that this error was very common in the period to which Lord Collingwood belonged. It must be remembered that he was almost constantly afloat, and when he came ashore and went, as we feel sure he did, to church, the chances were that he would hear the cardinal doctrine of justification very coldly and imperfectly insisted on in the sermon. Every one knows that the ordinary preaching of that day was "don't drink, don't swear, don't cheat. If you do, God will punish you." When Lord Collingwood heard sermons, the doctrine therein set forth was, in all probability, what would be called in the present day a barren and dead morality. No doubt he read his Bible, and if the doctrine upon which his latest biographer insists be therein stated as plainly as she would say it is, we may be sure that Lord Collingwood was as perfectly orthodox in tenets as he was pure and upright in practice. One cannot help smiling at the eagerness with which this lady comes to rescue the memory of her hero from the carelessness of earlier biographers. But we think that in her hasty zeal she has overlooked the strongest argument in support of the case she wished to prove. The argument she does use is a very curious one, and may be shortly stated thus:—Sir Philip Sydney was what those who are inadequately instructed in divinity would call a good man, and the writer of Sir Philip Sydney's life states, that the approach of death "did make a fear and an astonishment in his mind." Now Lord Collingwood was as good a man as Sir Philip Sydney, and therefore we are entitled to believe that he felt similar emotions when near his end. But if this naked statement of the authoress's argument should inspire her with any doubt as to its sufficiency, we beg to supply her with another which we derive from Lord Collingwood's order for a general thanksgiving, issued the day after the victory of Trafalgar. We believe that no doctrine is stated or implied in that order which could in the least degree alarm even the fine susceptibility of a female theologian of the nineteenth century. And further, we think the style of it might be studied with advantage by clergymen, and even by archbishops whenever they are called upon to express the nation's gratitude to God for victory.

It is perhaps surprising that the evident sympathies of this lady were not strong enough to induce her to add the name of Lord Gambier to her list of celebrated Admirals. We are certain that if Lord Gambier had ever gained a grand victory, he would have taken care to make the fleet acknowledge its sense of the Divine aid in terms which might have been adopted at Exeter Hall without changing a single syllable. But the Admirals who were really great were in general far looser in their religious phraseology than Lord Collingwood. Did this lady, for example, ever read a certain prayer or meditation of Lord Nelson, in which, if we are not mistaken, the composure with which he prepares for death, is rested on the consciousness that he was doing his duty to his country? And then, again, there was Lord Howe, who once said hastily, "Frightened, sir! I never was frightened in my life." The authoress remarks upon this anecdote, "I do not like it, and I believe my boy will not like it either." She thinks that the cheek of a brave man may not grow pale, but that of a Christian must, at the prospect of passing from time into eternity. Of course it is implied in this passage, although not expressed, that there are many brave men who are not Christians. Indeed, we very much suspect that if the authoress were pressed, she would avow that Lord Howe was not a Christian, by which she would of course mean that he did not profess a firm belief on all the points which she thinks essential, of some of which it is probable that he never heard. It is a significant fact, that of seven celebrated Admirals, this lady selects the lives of all and the deaths of only two as examples for her young reader. She enters into particulars of the last

hours of Collingwood and Exmouth, but Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, and the others, are dismissed into retirement, and we are left to imagine that death followed, just as in the modern novel it is considered the correct thing to close the story before the wedding, to which events are leading, actually takes place. The simple truth is, that the authoress of this little volume is a bigot—not a violent or cruel one, but still a bigot. She is certain of the salvation of Sir Philip Sydney, for no other reason than because he happened to find a biographer who wrote in harmony with her own opinions. She suggests a doubt of the salvation of Lord Collingwood, because the author of the book from which she abridged had never heard a proper exposition of the doctrine of justification by faith alone. The other Admirals, except Lord Exmouth, are given up without a word. Either they were not what the authoress would call religious men, or they were not so lucky as to get their lives written from an Evangelical Christian's point of view.

Urgentur . . . longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

They are gone to perdition for want of an Evangelical biographer. It is true they gained famous victories, and spent their lives in weary tossing on the ocean to watch the enemies of England. In three great crises of national history did Rodney, Howe, and St. Vincent, turn anxious torturing expectation into joyful triumph. And two of these valiant leaders stood, not only between their country and her foes, but between that country and her own rebellious fleet. Splendid and ever memorable were their services, and throughout their lives they were examples which the modern sailor would do well to imitate; but as regards their deaths it will be best to maintain a solemn silence. Such appears to have been the principle upon which a well-meaning lady wrote this little book for boys, and it is enough for us to point out that this principle really does underlie her work, without at the present moment entering into any discussion, either of the soundness of that principle, or of the consequences to which it necessarily leads.

TWELVE YEARS IN CHINA.*

MR. SCARTH'S little work will modify the opinions of many among its readers concerning the Chinese empire. Even for those who have as yet committed themselves to no definite opinions and felt no special interest in regard to the Flowery Land, it is a volume which will repay perusal. It is written from a new point of view, and in a new spirit; and the Chinese question is one with at least two sides. The point of view may be fixed in a few words by saying that a British Resident of twelve years in China is not a British official; and the spirit may be tested in any page of the book by observing which classes of the Chinese Mr. Scarth mentions most frequently and familiarly. The atmosphere through which the mercantile man has looked at Canton, Shanghai, the contest of the Imperialists with the Christian or pseudo-Christian rebels, and other Chinese problems, differs as widely from that which surrounds observers in the position of Lord Elgin, Mr. Oliphant, and Sir John Bowring, as does the aspect of Cambridge or Oxford to the vivacious undergraduate in his second year from the shape which the same University naturally assumes in the eyes of the steady college don who has been proctor and tutor. To the mandarin, the world is exclusively composed of mandarins. Whether he likes, hates, despises, or admires them, they are necessarily the prominent and permanent figures of the circle in which he moves and on which his thoughts are ordinarily turned. This incident of social caste is carried by inevitable law through all classes of society in all countries. Those of a man's neighbours who are the nearest to him in the intercourse of daily life are personally the most important to him. His views of life will infallibly be tinged in some sense or other by their beliefs, instincts, or peculiarities. And (with allowances for individual character) his general view of the country in which he lives will consequently be narrow or comprehensive, false or true, in proportion as the layer of existence in which he has worked, felt, and meditated more or less represents or varies from the most genuine and permanent form of life in that country. To the individual who simply deals in teas and opium, China is composed of buyers of opium and sellers of teas. If he cannot occupy himself with bargains in his special commodities all the twenty-four hours round for all the years of his residence in China, he will probably take the opportunity of noting that phase of Chinese life which fits most easily into the vacant interstices of his professed business. The value of his report of what he observes will vary in proportion to the intrinsic importance of that section of the national life into which his occupation or curiosity has led him. If the mandarins are most truly the representative institutions of China, by all means let us read the handbook of a mandarin. If the vitality of the empire is co-extensive with the opium trade, let us study its character through the medium of that drug. In short, let us find out as soon as possible what is the real centre of life in China.

Mr. Scarth obviously considers that in all our intercourse with them of late years, and notably on the occasion of Lord Elgin's mission, the Chinese have been looked at and dealt with too ex-

* *Twelve Years in China: the People, the Rebels, and the Mandarins.* By a British Resident. Edinburgh: Constable. 1860.

clusively from the mandarin point of view. One of the main objects of his writing appears to be the conveyance of a hint that a great opportunity has occurred for drawing our own interests into a deeper and more permanent harmony of relation to the interests of the millions who inhabit the Chinese empire, and that the opportunity has not been taken. The British Resident is, in truth, not only a Chinese liberal, but a political and religious rebel. His sympathies run strongly in favour of the long-haired followers of Taiping-wang, and his antipathies against mandarins and imperialist troops are correspondingly bitter. He holds the government of the Manchou dynasty to be on the verge of an almost inevitable and a well-merited dissolution, and deprecates unreservedly any act of open or covert assistance, any sign of diplomatic recognition or toleration, which might tend to lengthen out its life by a day. Most persons will agree with Mr. Scarth in theoretically asserting that our truest and wisest policy lies in the maintenance of a fair neutrality to both parties in the great civil war which is still devastating the breadth of China. Practically it is difficult to know wherein neutrality consists in so anomalous a state of relations as ours with China have lately been, and still are. Many of the acts which Mr. Scarth plausibly characterizes as breaches of neutrality on our part, were certainly committed without any wilful intent to violate the rules of political fairplay. The wholesale destruction of the rebel flotilla in the Gulf of Leaou-tung by a British squadron, and the surrender of the privateering rebel crews taken by the *Niger* to a certain death at the hands of their imperialist enemies, were prompted by no wish to mark any partiality towards the ruling side, or to interfere with the destined march of events. Whether or no these acts may have been necessary or judicious, their purpose was only to prevent interference with our own legitimate security on the Chinese sea-board. If the victims on either occasion were, in fact, as Mr. Scarth alleges, innocent rebels under the unfortunate disguise of pirates, it cannot be denied that, incidentally, the Imperialist cause gained through our means; but the gist of the strong measures adopted by our commanders was none the less strictly defensive. As much may be said of the sharp rebuke given to the rebel occupants of Ngankang for firing upon Lord Elgin's squadron as it steamed past the city on its cruise up the Yang-tse-Kiang. Even if the course pursued were decided on (as we by no means believe) with as much nonchalant indifference to the results of naval ball-practice in regard of Chinese life as might be presumed from the amateur Mr. Oliphant's description of the scene, it was still a demonstration purely in behalf of the British flag. It may be the honest intention, as well as the duty, of a bystander to treat Trojan and Tyrian with the most indiscriminating equality of favour or disfavour; but if *Tros* makes himself personally more inconvenient to the bystander than *Tyrius*, he has no one but himself to blame for any difference of treatment that may ensue. With these reservations in justification of the conduct of British officers under peculiar and difficult circumstances, we are willing to allow a fair hearing to Mr. Scarth in his preference for the Tai-ping rebels as against the mandarins.

A large proportion of the volume is devoted to a history of the origin and course of this remarkable movement. Not the least interesting information on the point is that conveyed in the map at the end, which shows at a glance how it has gone in a few years right through the breadth of the land. From the provinces to the immediate west of Canton, where it first grew to a head in 1849, it swept northward as far as the Yang-tse-Kiang, the great river of the centre of China. Following the banks and occupying the populous cities of this mighty stream as far eastward as Nanking, it then pointed again north towards Peking. The wave of rebellion crept up within a few miles of the capital itself, to Tientsin, the point upon the Pei-ho reached by our own expedition under Lord Elgin. It was only by a hard struggle of constant fighting for some years that the Tai-pings were thrown back upon the line of the Great River, on which they still occupy some of the principal positions. If we may trust Mr. Scarth, they have invariably shown more personal bravery in battle, and more humanity when victorious, than the Imperialist troops opposed to them, and have only just failed in overthrowing the actual empire. That they have failed, unless unforeseen circumstances should give them a fresh chance, appears to be the unwilling belief of Mr. Scarth, as it is of less partial authorities. But even if the bloody trampling out of the embers of this conflagration, which might according to his view have been a regenerating purge of the whole kingdom of China, be now only a work of time, he is none the less persuaded that the reigning dynasty and system will sooner or later fall to pieces in the midst of the desolation which it is forced to create and baptize by the name of peace.

The moving springs of this rebellion were at first so complex and diverse in character, that Mr. Scarth speaks of it as having grown out of two simultaneous rebellions. One branch was that of the secret societies long established in various cities of the empire for the subversion of the Manchou sovereignty on political grounds. The other aimed at a moral and religious revolution in addition to, or as the condition precedent of, a political regeneration. It originated in the mountain district of Kwang-si, from the teaching of two young natives of Canton, Hung-sin-taen and Fung-yun-san. It is said that a missionary tract lit the first spark of religious enthusiasm in the breast of one of these teachers—if, indeed, he never received actual instruction from any European missionary. Their professed dogmas certainly

include the doctrines of the Trinity and the redemption; and a version of the decalogue, and other biblical commandments, are to be found among their ruling precepts of morality. How far the very apostles of the new faith may have understood the full meaning of the principles adopted as the bases of their preaching, is a question only less insoluble than the more practical one, how strongly their teaching has ever been reflected in the lives of their disciples. Mr. Scarth gives a curious instance of the complications of doctrine administered to Chinese converts by the contradictory teaching and nomenclature of the various European proselytizing sects, which have never yet agreed, and perhaps never wished to agree, on the word by which to render the notion of the Deity in the Chinese language. Roman Catholic preachers have repudiated the native term Shang-te (Supreme Ruler), and chosen the title Teen-choo, or Lord of Heaven. Protestant translators are hardly satisfied with either designation, but cannot agree upon a better, after nearly falling into the snare of using the word *Shin*, which is applicable to evil as well as good spirits. "A distinguished linguist, after a very short residence in China, and merely a slight knowledge of the language" (our reticent author might as well have boldly uttered his name), proposed to conciliate all difficulties by the introduction of an unintelligible symbol in lieu of an imperfect word, and suggested the use of the Greek Θ as the first letter of $\Theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$. Unfortunately (or fortunately), some similar character was shown to be already employed in Chinese punctuation as a full stop; and Protestantism has reluctantly fallen back upon Shang-te. It may be hoped that, in proportion as our acquaintance with Chinese language and thought becomes less superficial, our mission will at any rate be able to convey the ideas they mean to instil through terms or symbols more easily and correctly appreciable by the minds of those whom they intend to influence. If Mr. Scarth is right in his estimate of the depth to which a spirit analogous to that of the Christian religion has, through the teaching of their own countrymen, penetrated the inner life of the followers of Taiping-wang, the fact will increase the difficulties of any wholesale conversion of the Chinese by foreign efforts to any established form of European religion, when there already exists among them a section whose doctrines and practice apparently represent, in a more familiar and home-bred fashion, those spiritual needs in the excitement and development of which the success of any foreign proselytizer must lie. It would be curious if in the present movement a theological system were evolving itself, through its pure logical appropriateness, in the Chinese mind, leading up to that which in the West is based upon historical evidence, such as hitherto, at least, the Tai-pings can have had no opportunity of weighing. But the more genuinely home-bred and undue to foreign influence this spiritual movement is, the more ground is there to hope that, whatever becomes of the political insurrection with which it has been so closely connected, it will permanently elevate the tone of the popular theories of the meaning of life through China. The bloodthirsty vengeance of the mandarins in all the cities they reconquer from the rebels will more easily extirpate the secret insurrectionary societies than it will quench the spirit of yearning for some less finite and material mode of being—some further hope and deeper faith—which must have been at the bottom of such a religious outburst as that of the Tai-pings. It is only too probable that their cause has been stained by similar, if not equal, acts of savage wickedness to those committed by their Imperialist enemies. But we are inclined to believe, with Mr. Scarth, that there is more difference between the two sides than has usually been taken for granted, if not the whole difference between a cold, comfortable, apathetic deadness of heart and brain, and a stern and resolute, though troubled, searching after a better life. And we shall regret with Mr. Scarth any future crisis in our problematic relations with China which may again place us in the position of practically breaking the neutrality which both justice and sympathy should engage us as far as possible to observe.

MADemoiselle MORI.

THESE two very pleasing volumes carry us quite out of the beaten track of novel-writing. They are something equally different from the common historical novel and from the common novel of modern life. The tale of *Mademoiselle Mori* owes its freshness to its having elements in common with both of those classes. It is a novel of modern life, but it is of modern life in a foreign land. It is also an historical novel. Historical events and historical characters are freely introduced, but they are the events and characters of history within our own memories. This gives it a very peculiar character. Tales of London drawing-rooms and English country houses—tales, again, of historical events some centuries back—crowd on us in such multitudes that they must be unusually good to stick permanently in our minds. But a story of the Italian war of 1848-9 attracts by its mere novelty, and might be in some measure pleasing even were it very inferior to this of *Mademoiselle Mori*. As it is, the story is not merely attractive for its novelty—it has very high merit in itself. It deserves what is indeed no small praise for a novel—it is not merely exciting, but really interesting. There is many a high-wrought story through which the reader, as it were, gallops

* *Mademoiselle Mori: a Tale of Modern Rome.* 2 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1860.

breathlessly to the end. We do not lay it down till we have done, because, if we once laid it down, we should not take it up again. We hurry on to the catastrophe, but we neither dwell on particular portions while reading, nor do we look back to it again when we have once finished. This is not the way in which we read a tale of Scott's, or of any other great master of the art of tale-telling. Nor is it the way in which we read *Mademoiselle Mori*. It will quite bear to be laid down, without any fear that it will not be taken up again; and it is quite worth looking at again when it has been once finished. We do not hurry to the catastrophe, but can find time to dwell on the scenes, the characters, the pictures of life and manners. Doubtless this is partly owing to the thoroughly unhackneyed nature of those scenes, characters, and pictures, but a great deal is also owing to the skill of the author who describes them. The story is throughout simply, clearly, and earnestly written. There is nothing of commonplace, nothing of affectation, nothing of the two kindred opposites of dullness and extravagance. Moreover, it is thoroughly proper and moral, without the least tendency to preaching and prosing. If anything, it is rather too proper and moral to be perfectly natural. The author—or authoress?—hints once or twice that modern Roman life has a darker side than that which is represented in the story. Otherwise one might have fancied that to do at Rome as they do at Rome would be to live in the practice of every virtue. To be sure the story contains a political traitor or two, but even they are perfectly respectable. In the affairs of private life, a runaway marriage would seem to be the wickedest thing that ever comes into any Roman head.

There is a peculiarity in the construction of the plot which perhaps takes off something from its artistic symmetry, but which at the same time, we are inclined to think, really adds to the natural character of the story. Looked on as a mere work of art, the private and the public portions of the story are not bound well in together. Of historical novels, as commonly understood, there are two kinds. In the one, the great characters of history are themselves the main characters of the story. In Sir E. L. Bulwer's three masterpieces, the interest centres personally round Harold, Rienzi, and Richard of Warwick. On the other hand, in many of Scott's novels, including some of his best, the main interest attaches to subordinate and commonly imaginary persons. The aim is to show how the public events of history affected the private life of the men and women of the day. In a novel of contemporary history, the former plan would of course never do. It would be intolerable to bring in living men, or men but lately dead, as the chief actors in a fictitious story. Consequently the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* has followed the other model. We continually hear the names with which we have been familiar for the last dozen years—Pius IX., Charles Albert, Garibaldi—but they do not actually appear among the persons of the drama. The tale is a tale of private life as incidentally modified by the public events of a time of revolution. The consequence is, that in the former part of the book the main interest is private. We hear, indeed, of politics, of parties, and plans, and conspiracies, but they come in as something quite incidental—as influencing the private story just as any other external incidents might. As the story goes on, the public interest increases and the private interest diminishes, till at last we almost forget the persons for whom we were originally interested in a vigorous description of the French siege of Rome. Looked at merely artistically, there is a lack of harmony and symmetry in this. But, after all, it is really thereby the more true to nature. Human life, least of all life in days of revolution, is not perfectly harmonious and symmetrical. It is the essence of times like those of Italy for the last thirteen years that public events should come, as it were, across the common current of everyday life, and should sweep away its everyday interests in the great torrent of national weal or woe. We are always taught that all people, and Romans above all others, are bound to sacrifice themselves for their country. If so, a novelist may quite rightly sacrifice the persons of his novel in the same cause. We therefore do not think it really a fault, but rather a merit, in the story that we begin with caring very much for Vincenzo, and Irene, and Leone, and end by almost forgetting them for the sake of Rome and Italy.

It may, perhaps, come more nearly to the nature of a fault, that the writer has hardly made allowance enough for the inevitable ignorance of his or her readers. The writer is so familiar with Italy and everything belonging to it as to forget that all people have not the same knowledge. For instance, the minutiae of Roman topography are taken for granted; yet most certainly all the readers of *Mademoiselle Mori* will not have them at their fingers' ends. Now, we do not ask that a novel should be also a guide-book, but we think it should be so contrived that there should be no occasion to turn to a guide-book while reading it. Some think it a fault, and some a merit, in Lord Macaulay's history, that it is absolutely self-sufficient—that it describes every person, place, and institution so fully that no other book need be referred to. However this may be in the case of a history, it is certainly desirable in the case of a novel. In truth, the writer's own fulness of knowledge has been a snare. To one so thoroughly familiar with everything Roman and Italian it never occurred that the world at large is very ignorant, that great masses of readers have never crossed the Alps, that some have not even crossed the sea. Had the writer only thought of it, no

one could have better supplied the kind of short explanations—not formally given as such, but worked into the description—which is all that we should ask for.

The same fault, if it deserves so hard a name, applies to some of the political and military parts of the book. Too much is taken for granted—too much is told by mere allusion. An author so thoroughly familiar with recent Italian history again forgot the inevitable ignorance of the mass of mankind. There is no part of history of which people are so ignorant as of the history of their own times, unless it be the history of the times of their fathers. Ignorance of the latter, indeed, is almost unavoidable. With every man there must be a period too early for his own memory to help him, too late for his historical reading to help him. We fancy there is many a man who has a fair notion of most statesmen from Kleisthenes to Pitt, and who can begin again with Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, but who has the very faintest conception of Lord Liverpool or Lord Castlereagh. The idols of the *Quarterly Review* and the victims of the *Edinburgh* are to the present generation becoming little more than indistinct bugbears. But there are many people who are far worse off than this. They do not remember what they have themselves seen and heard. The events of December, 1851, have with many minds already become mythical. We have met with people of mature years who seemed never to have heard of the *coup d'état* at all, and with others who did know that something happened, but who seemed to believe in perfect good faith that Citizen L. N. Bonaparte was a legitimate sovereign putting down a set of wicked rebels. But, without going these lengths, it is easy for a man to have a very indistinct notion indeed of the campaigns of Charles Albert and Radetzky. For such weaker brethren the author does not show enough consideration. The siege of Rome, indeed, is told, and admirably told; but the war in Lombardy, though it has a most important bearing on the story, is little more than alluded to, as if everybody knew everything about it.

Again, with regard to a story whose scene is laid in our own times, we cannot help asking, How much of it is true? Do any real persons lurk under the doubtless imaginary names of the tale? The preface tells us that those who are familiar with the scenes described will at once recognise some of the particular incidents. The story itself ends by directly telling us that the heroine still lives, happy and famous. "The world has since learned her name." If Irene Mori is not a real person, this seems to us to be outstepping the justifiable limits of fiction. Commonly, one has no occasion to ask whether anything in a novel be true or false—most commonly it does not come into one's head to think about it. But such a statement as this, which, if fictitious, is quite needless, at once challenges inquiry. The writer steps, in a manner, out of the character of the novelist, to address us in his or her own person. On the other hand, if Irene Mori is a real living person, is it quite fair to write a novel about her? Of one who has gone through anything like the life described in the story one would rather wish for a genuine autobiography. Perhaps we are only displaying our own ignorance in asking about it, and not knowing for certain one way or the other. Let it be so—we still think our criticism, as a literary criticism, is perfectly just. We write as members of the general public, and we think the general public is likely to be rather puzzled by the question we have started, however easy it may seem to those who know all the ins and outs either of modern Roman life, or of the profession of which Irene is described as being so bright an ornament.

It must not be supposed that the points which we have mentioned as artistic defects at all seriously interfere with the enjoyment of this most interesting, and more than interesting, tale. It is indeed the very excellence of the story which makes us treat it as amenable to a severer standard of criticism than we should think of applying to the frivolous novels of the hour. The tale of *Mademoiselle Mori*—we wish it were called *Irene Mori*, for though the French title is technically correct, anything French in Italy is unpleasant—bespeaks very high powers in various ways. Irrespective of the historic interest, which thickens as the tale advances, the domestic story itself, and the pictures of modern Roman life, especially middle-class life, are singularly pleasing. The whole is written with very considerable vigour and with remarkable simplicity and good taste. The private interest circles round the two orphan children of an English artist by a Neapolitan mother, Vincenzo and Irene Moore—the surname getting Italianized into Mori. Vincenzo's genius is for sculpture, his sister's for music. An accident disables Vincenzo from carrying on his studies, and the consequent struggles of the orphans are well told. An English lady, Mrs. Dalzell, puts them in the way of cultivating their respective talents, as Vincenzo, though unable to carry on the work of a sculptor, is not disabled from carving of a minutest kind. Irene adopts the calling of a cantatrice with great local success, and is of course the mirror of virtue in a dangerous profession. The love story—for love story of course there must be—is twofold. There is the tranquil attachment of Irene and the Roman patriot and poet, Leone Nota, disturbed by the rivalry of Count Clementi, the villain of the piece. Then there is Luigi Ravelli, divided between the simple affection of Imelda Olivetti, the wife marked out for him by family arrangements, and the fiery passion of Gemma Clementi, the sister of the traitor. All these characters are excellently drawn, and their adventures no less excellently

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told. Equally lifelike are the surrounding personages—Mrs. Dalzell, the benevolent English lady; Madame Marriotti, the ex-cantatrice; the old nurse, the *padrona* and her husband Cecchi (who reminds us, we hardly know why, except for the name, of Ceccho in *Rienzi*), the two scheming mothers, Signora Olivetti, the rich plebeian, and the Countess Clementi, the poor noble. Here are quite materials for a first-rate novel of private life, and such we have really given us. Still, as the story advances, the private interest is swallowed up in the public. Pius IX. and his early promise, the reaction, the flight to Gaeta, the Roman volunteers in Lombardy, and the last scene of the drama—the overthrow of Roman freedom by the base treachery of France—gradually make us think less and less of the private actors. Even when Leone dies, in the very end of the story, we hardly think of him as the friend of Vincenzo and lover of Irene, but as one in the ranks of Rome's defenders. This, as we have said, is really as it should be—

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life—

And we need no longer add—

In the brave days of old,

when scenes such as this tale records have happened within our own life-times.

A tale like this, thoroughly moderate in sentiment, as it is unaffected in style, plainly and attractively setting forth the realities of the Italian struggle, comes just now most opportunely. One has a natural suspicion against novels written for a purpose—against books written for an occasion; but such a feeling will not survive the reading of many pages of *Mademoiselle Mori*. These two little volumes are such as we can unreservedly recommend alike to the reader for amusement and to the reader for instruction. We only hope the last word will not conjure up in any mind the vision of that horrible monster, the didactic novel. *Mademoiselle Mori* is nothing of the sort; yet her history is more than a mere interesting tale—it may incidentally convey no little information and supply no small amount of materials for thought.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE name of M. Bautain is familiar to readers of this journal, not only as one of the most distinguished of the Paris clergy—among whom he was formerly Vicar-General—but also as a popular writer on subjects more or less directly connected with his professional duties. His most recent work* is, in substance, a course of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne on the Philosophy of Law. In the preface, the author insinuates that some attempts had been made to raise odium against him at the Vatican for the conduct he adopted during his tenure of the office of Vicar-General. But we presume that his having been considered, in any way or on any pretext, obnoxious to the Pope, will not in this country excite any very serious prejudice against him. In the first chapter, he endeavours to search out the nature and draw up a definition of law—explains in what respect moral theology differs from jurisprudence and politics in the treatment of law—and determines the meaning of moral obligation and the distinctive marks of the legitimacy of law, together with the different classifications into which different laws may be separated. First, we have unwritten and written laws—the former being the Eternal Law and the Law of Nature; the latter, the Divine Law (Mosaic and Christian), and the human law, ecclesiastical or civil. The principles laid down in this chapter are essential to the right understanding of the subsequent portions of the book, and should be mastered accordingly. By the Eternal Law he understands the laws which govern the universe, and by natural laws the laws which regulate the position of man in that universe. The second chapter gives an outline of the Eternal Law, and shows how it is the fountal source of all other laws. The third explains how the existence of the Law of Nature is corroborated and its enactments endorsed by authority, by conscience, and by reason. The whole of this chapter is very thoughtful and interesting. We know of few writers in Roman Catholic theology who exhibit so much independence as the author, and who are prepared to depart so widely from the beaten track of Roman Catholic orthodoxy, without on that account ceasing to be Roman Catholics. Many of his illustrations display a mind accustomed to face with fearlessness the facts of modern science. In the three following chapters M. Bautain prepares the way for the consideration of revealed religion by showing what natural law can, and what it cannot effect—how the knowledge of it is attained, to what extent ignorance of it is admissible, and how its precepts may be obliterated from the hearts of nations and of individuals. Admirable is the sixth chapter, on the *lacune*, so to speak, which exist in the natural law, and which revelation is intended to fill up, and on the manner in which persons who yield no credence to revealed truths are wont to hug to their arms the absurdest popular superstition. At the same time he finds in this very hankering after the marvellous an evidence of Revelation being one of the deepest needs of humanity. It is to the revealed law that the seventh and eighth chapters are devoted. Four prin-

cipal epochs are here considered in succession—the law in Paradise, the law under the Patriarchs, the Mosaic law, and the Gospel; and then certain objections to Revelation are met and answered. This, however, is by no means the ablest part of the book. We pass on, therefore, to the next chapter on "Laws made by Men," which is interesting as containing remarks on the limits and relations of the temporal and spiritual power, which at the present time are among the questions of the day. We are at a loss to divine, however, what the *nation voisine* is in which the collision between these two powers is disturbing the very bases of society. The remaining chapters treat of the legislative power of the Church, the civil laws enacted by men, the nature and conditions of the social pact, the promulgation of laws, and the question whether such promulgation be of the essence of a law; the authority due to use and custom in legislation; the moral obligation of human laws; the qualities necessary to corroborate or render morally binding the obligations of civil laws; the object of all law; what constitutes its real *bond fide* observance, and how the clashing between two laws is to be harmonized; and finally, the surceasing of laws by abrogation, desuetude, and immunities. Such are the subjects dealt with by this philosophical and elegant writer, whose speculations may be far indeed from winning assent, but must always command respect from the excellent spirit in which they are conceived and the masterly manner in which they are recommended to our acceptance. It is very rarely that we meet with so much sterling sense and quiet humour in a writer of his profession and creed. The following remark, for example, on so-called Counsels of Perfection is scarcely what we should have expected from the pen of a Roman Catholic priest. "Avant de prétendre être des saints, soyons d'honnêtes chrétiens. Ils sont très-rare les honnêtes gens, même parmi les saints, c'est à dire parmi ceux qui passent pour l'être." Every man's experience—whether of himself or of others—will tell him how often high flights of religiosity are mere pretences (even without conscious hypocrisy) for quitting the prosaic *terra firma* of the little tiresome duties which make up the routine of daily life.

A most valuable addition to the controversy on Mary Queen of Scots has recently been made by M. Teulet* in the shape of some documents, the greater part indeed of which have figured in the publications of the Bannatyne Club, but which are now for the first time made accessible to the general public. He modestly entitles it a Supplement to the *Recueil* of Prince Labanoff—this last being a collection, in seven volumes, of papers connected with the history of the unhappy Queen. Prince Labanoff himself was so blinded by passion and prejudice that he refused to admit into his work the letters and sonnets here published, under the belief, or at any rate on the assertion, that they were all forgeries. From this imputation, however, we believe that Mignet is considered to have amply redeemed them; and anything that may have been wanting in his argument is supplied by M. Teulet in the conscientiously-edited volume now before us. It is composed of the following documents. First, we have eight letters and twelve sonnets addressed by Mary to Bothwell. The original French text of these letters has not reached us, but M. Mignet has shown that the Scottish version here given us by M. Teulet (and which was first published by Buchannan in 1571), was made directly from those originals. To three of the letters is annexed a Latin translation, and it is from this that M. Teulet believes that the French translation has been made—differing herein from M. Mignet, who looks upon this French text as a translation of the Scottish. As to the channels through which these reproductions of the original letters have reached us, the reader will find full information in M. Teulet's preface and in the authors there referred to. The second class of documents consist of various depositions, memoirs, official reports, and despatches on the murder of Darnley, on the relations between Mary and Bothwell, and on the imprisonment of the latter in Denmark. We may here call the attention of our readers to a paper recently communicated by Sir H. Ellis to the Society of Antiquaries on the tomb of Bothwell, and containing some valuable information on his imprisonment, which had been collected by our envoy at Copenhagen. Thirdly, we have twenty-eight letters and other documents from the pen of Mary Stuart, some of which have never yet been published, while none of them are included in Labanoff's "Recueil." Lastly, we have two detailed accounts of Mary's last moments, and of the testamentary dispositions made by her in favour of Philip II. We think it is a pity that M. Teulet has not subjoined a translation of such of the letters and documents as are in Spanish. He would thus have increased the usefulness of a publication which will go far to enhance his reputation—already high—as a diligent inquirer into historical records. As far as honesty and impartiality are concerned, M. Teulet stands in most favourable contrast to Prince Labanoff, who not only excluded from his collection all the documents in this volume, but actually went a tour of the public libraries of France for the purpose of mutilating those volumes of the *Journal des Savants* which contained some strictures, by M. Mignet, on his publication, fatal to the character of the Queen.

We have before us the first volume of a most elaborate

* *Philosophie des Lois au Point de Vue Chrétien*. Par M. L. Bautain. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

* *Lettres de Marie Stuart; Publiées avec Sommaires, Traductions, Notes, et Facsimilé*. Par A. Teulet, Membre de la Société Impériale des Antiquaires de France. Paris: Didot. London: Barthes and Lowell. 1860.

treatise* on Armenian Chronology. Its author, M. Dulaurier, is a professor at the *École Impériale des Langues orientales vivantes*, and those who are acquainted with and interested in his contributions to the *Journal Asiatique* will not grudge the patience necessary for wading through a quarto volume of more than four hundred pages on a very moot point in chronology—namely, the computation used in the Armenian calendar, and the limits to be assigned to the greater and lesser Armenian eras respectively. In the researches made on these points by M. Dulaurier, we see visible tokens of an erudition and a thoroughness which can only be matched by the works of such men as Scaliger, Petau, and Dodwell. In the presence of scholars so illustrious, we can only say, "Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites;" but at the same time we may be allowed to bear grateful testimony to the interesting information which even an *idiot* or layman like ourselves can gather, either from the body of the book or from the numerous notes with which it is illustrated. The importance of the subject in itself may best be estimated by the blunders into which Gibbon was betrayed, from an imperfect apprehension of the relations of Armenian to other computations of time. Then, again, the Armenians being the first nation which embraced Christianity, the exact dates of the successive steps in their adhesion become matters of much interest, both in themselves and as furnishing elements for synchronisms.

To turn to lighter matter, our readers may care to learn that the enterprising publisher, M. Plon, is now bringing out a very handsome edition of the collected works of M. Ar-ène Houssaye. The two first volumes are now before us.† They are, *Le Roi Voltaire* and *Mademoiselle de la Vallière et Madame de Montespan*. On the former of these works we have already given our opinion on its first publication two years ago, and we now see no reason to change it. Assuredly the flimsy levity of which we then complained has not been diminished by the addition of a preface from the pen of Jules Janin. *Mademoiselle de la Vallière*, however, is on the whole a very pleasing work to read. Its value as a biography or a history is another matter; but it is so full of delicate painting, fine feeling, and elegant language, that it would be churlish to deny that it is a work of real merit in its way. The edition is beautifully got up, both in type and paper, and is illustrated with engravings and facsimiles. We think M. Houssaye scarcely does himself justice. We not unfrequently meet with traces of far deeper thought and seriousness than one would give him credit for from the general tone of his works. To take a passage, for example, which occurs in the midst of a very glowing and sprightly description of one of the great fêtes at Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV., what real melancholy underlies the seeming banter—"Et la musique de Lulli achève d'enivrer tout ce beau monde, qui ne pense pas un seul instant que près de là, à la grille même du château des merveilles, une pauvre femme prie et pleure, tout affamée, pour ses enfants! Qu'importe! passe ton chemin, et reviens plus tard. Comment t'appelles-tu, bonne femme?—je m'appelle la France: je reviendrai." It is in touches of this kind that M. Houssaye shows his power.

With far stronger claims to the title of an historian, and dealing with more recent times, M. Louis de Viel-Castel comes before us with the two first volumes of a *History of the Restoration*,‡ which will be completed, as we understand, in eight. The histories of the Restoration are so numerous, and for the most part so bad, that it is a comfort to meet with one which has every prospect of enabling us to dispense with the irksome toil of wading through its predecessors. M. de Viel-Castel seems to bring to his task what very few have done before him—a singularly calm and impartial frame of mind. While the ultra-Liberals maintain that the doom of the Restoration was sealed from the first by reason of its entire incompatibility with the wants, the wishes, and the interests of that France which had gone through 1789—and while the ultra-Royalists maintain that the elder branch of the Bourbons was stifled and smothered beneath the incubus of an uncongenial Constitution forced upon it by its foes—M. de Viel-Castel believes that the government of Louis XVIII. had succeeded in overcoming many of the worst obstacles which unquestionably impeded its first advent to power; and he considers that if Charles X. was less fortunate, it was only because he endeavoured to dispense with the system of which *La Charte* was the watchword and the type. The two volumes now published extend from the commencement of 1814, to Murat's defeat at Tolentino, in May of the following year. We do not pretend to have read the whole, but from what we have seen we think it may be recommended as a work of mark.

In writing a history of the Municipal Institutions of Antiquity,§ M. Béchard is not merely engaged in taking a glance at

the past—he is especially anxious to draw wholesome lessons for the future. He considers that the fatal omnipotence of administrative centralization has so drained the life-blood of his country that she is fast sliding down that dangerous slope of national civilization where moral agencies are gradually supplanted by purely material instruments. It is to save France from the catastrophe which he believes to be impending, and to drive the blood from the congested heart of Paris through every limb and vein of the country, that he has set himself to extol the merits and narrate the progress of Municipal Institutions in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. The part relating to antiquity is all that is yet published. We confess we have read this book with very great pleasure and profit. The Introduction alone, on the present condition of France, is full of more sound sense and cogent reasoning than we have often met with in entire volumes by men more known to fame than M. Béchard has hitherto been. The work is divided into four Books—i. "Des Sociétés et des Propriétés Primitives;" ii. Des Cités, des Amphictyonies et des Colonies de la Grèce en Italie et dans les Gaules;" iii. "Du Régime Municipal Romain;" iv. "Du Régime Municipal Gallo-Romain. M. Béchard does not seem to have borrowed much from German authorities. Like most French scholars, he ignores their existence, and perhaps is ignorant of it as well; but so long as he goes to the fountain-head we cannot complain.

If any reader of Mr. Kingsley's *Hypatia* has thereby acquired any peculiar interest in the life and works of Synesius, the Bishop of Ptolemais, he may do well to read a work which has recently been published by M. Druon,* *Docteur des Lettres*. One of the most useful parts of this book—so far as our limited knowledge of Synesius enables us to judge—is the classification in chronological order of the correspondence, consisting of 156 letters, of which seven, it may be remembered, are addressed to Hypatia. There are two points on which M. Druon has mainly fixed his attention in writing this book. 1. The literary merits—2. the Christian significance of Synesius. His verdict is not flattering in either respect. Curious parallels are quoted between his hymns and Lamartine's poems. On the whole, this is a very carefully executed monograph, however much we may differ from the writer's conclusions.

We ought to have called earlier attention to a new series of the *Revue Archéologique*,† which was started with the current year, under the auspices of a new publisher, M. Didier. We believe that M. Maury is the principal editor, and among the staff are to be found not merely the chief archaeologists of the Continent, but those dreadfully overpaid representatives of the science in this country—the officers of the Department of Antiquities in the British Museum, towards whom Mr. Gladstone thought it decent the other night to betray such unfeeling petulance. The very fact that on such subjects our Birches and Vauxes, our Franks and Oldfields, are obliged to find a vent for their lucubrations in the pages of a Continental journal, is a proof, one would think, of the limited extent to which archaeology is studied in this country, and an argument that no puny remuneration is due to those who have made it the business and the study of their lives. The numbers of the *Revue* now before us contain articles on the Funeral Ritual of the Egyptians, by the Vicomte de Rougé; on Cæsar's expeditions to Britain, by De Sauley; on a Greek Inscription, by M. Egger; and on some curious remains found at Champlieu, about eight miles from Compiègne, by M. Violette-le-Duc.

Another book which escaped our notice till it has reached a second edition, is the rather amusing *Hommes du Jour*.‡ The Emperor of Austria is here jostled by Garibaldi, who is followed by Lord Palmerston. Then we have Schwarzenberg, and Victor Emmanuel, and Lord Derby, and Hess, and Benedek, and Gyulai, and the Prince Regent of Prussia, &c. &c. The two English statesmen are hit off with tolerable accuracy, considering it is a Frenchman who holds the brush. The book is anonymous.

* *Etudes sur la Vie et les Œuvres de Synésius*. Par H. Druon. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Revue Archéologique*. Nouvelle Série. Paris: Didier. London: Barthes and Lowell. 1860.

‡ *Hommes du Jour*. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1860.

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* *Recherches sur la Chronologie Arménienne, Technique et Historique*. Ouvrage Formant les Prolégomènes de la Collection, intitulée Bibliothèque Historique Arménienne. Par M. Edouard Dulaurier, Professeur à l'École Impériale des Langues Orientales Vivantes. Tome I., Chronologie Technique. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Arène Houssaye: Le Roi Voltaire*. Le Même: *Mademoiselle de la Vallière et Madame de Montespan*. Etudes Historiques sur la Cour de Louis XIV. Paris: Plon. London: Jeffs. 1860.

‡ *Histoire de la Restauration*. Par M. Louis de Viel-Castel. Tomes I., II. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthes and Lowell. 1860.

§ *Droit Municipal dans l'Antiquité*. Par Ferdinand Béchard, Ancien Député, Avocat au Conseil d'Etat et à la Cour de Cassation. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

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MUSICAL UNION.—On TUESDAY, MAY 15th, HERB AUGUST KOMPFL (Solo Violinist at the Court of Hanover, and Pupils of Spohr) will play for the first time, and HERB ERNST LUBCK for a second time, this season. J. ELLA, Director.

SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND. St. George's-fields, Southwark. —PERFORMANCE OF SACRED MUSIC.—THE SPECIAL CONCERT, in accordance with the request of the late THOMAS BEARD, Esq., will take place on THURSDAY, May 10th, at Three P.M., instead of the usual Monthly Concert. Cards of Admission may be had on application to the Members of the Committee; Rev. B. G. JONES, Chaplain, at the School; the Secretary, 5, Bulwer-street, E.C. The Programme is chiefly from the "Sijah." After the Concert the Instrumental Band will perform a Selection of Secular Music, and the Institution will be open to the inspection of Visitors. THOS. GRUBER, Secretary.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NOW OPEN every Night but Saturday, at Eight o'clock, and Tuesday and Saturday Afternoons, at Three o'clock. Stalls, 3s., which can be taken at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, daily, from Eleven till Five; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

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AN EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THIS ARTIST IS NOW OPEN at the SOCIETY OF ARTS, John-street, Adelphi. Admission 1s. The Exhibition will close on the 31st May. P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary.

JERUSALEM.—TWO GRAND PICTURES BY SELOUS, each 12 feet by 8 feet, containing more than 200 special points of interest.

1. JERUSALEM IN HER GRANDEUR, A.D. 33, with Christ's Triumphal Entry into the Holy City.

2. JERUSALEM IN HER FALL, as now viewed from the Mount of Olives. The above PICTURES are NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. LEGGATT, HAYWARD, and LEGGATT, 70, Cornhill; open daily from Nine to Six o'clock.

Owing to the extraordinary attraction of these wonderful Pictures, it is found necessary to charge Sixpence each to all persons not having Cards of Invitation, to prevent the room being overcrowded.

Cards sent by L. H. L. for the Private View will be available during this Exhibition for the admission of three persons.

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—WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's.—Mr. MITCHELL begs to announce that MR. MASON JONES will deliver an ORATION on LORD MACAULAY, the Essayist, Historian, Orator, and Poet, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, May 7th, to commence at half-past eight o'clock. Tickets will also be given on Monday Evening, May 14th, and Monday Evening, May 21st.

Reserved and Numbered Seats, 1s.; Unreserved, 2s. 6d. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old Bond-street; and at the Rooms.

A BACHELOR OF ARTS OF Cambridge wishes to engage himself as TUTOR to a YOUNG GENTLEMAN preparing for College, for the period of Twelve Months.—Apply to E. C. 40, Camden-road Villas, N.W.

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BUTLER, single, aged 37. Two years' character. Understands B.-v.-ing. Wages, 4s. guinea.—M. C. 25, George-street, Grosvenor-square.

£1000.—TO CAPITALISTS.—Any Gentleman having a net income of £1000 at command may, without risk or trouble, secure a neat income of £1000 per annum.—Address F. SOLLY, Esq., 36, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

POOLE APPEAL FUND.—By the advice of his friends, Mr. POOLE has APPEALED to the PRIVY COUNCIL. His Committee earnestly solicit the CONTRIBUTIONS of CHURCHMEN towards defraying the very considerable legal expenses which must be incurred in consequence. The smallest sums will be thankfully received. All Post-office Orders and Cheques should be made payable to either of the Treasurers—CHARLES FRANCIS THOMAS, Esq., 27, Victoria-street, Westminster; and Mr. JOHN THOMAS HAYES, Lyall-place, Eaton-square.

J U L I E N F U N D.
COMMITTEE ROOM—50, NEW BOND STREET.

The Committee of the Julien Fund, fearing that the Subscriptions have been materially checked by the unfortunate death of Mons. JULIEN, desire to explain that a Widow and others, members of this Family, can be protected from want only by the kind aid of those who appreciate the great services rendered by the late lamented maestro to the cause of the musical education of the English people.

The Committee consequently appeal to that benevolence for which their countrymen are so distinguished, for such prompt and liberal additions to the Subscription-list as shall enable them to do some justice to the memory of M. JULIEN, and at the same time afford adequate relief to his bereaved Family.

COMMITTEE FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE JULIEN FUND.

Mr. John Mitchell. Mr. W. Duncan Davidson.
Mr. W. B. Sans. Mr. J. Jones Benedict.
Mr. Thomas Chappell. Mr. A. Blumenthal.

HONORARY TREASURERS.
Mr. John Mitchell, 35, Old Bond-street.
Mr. T. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street.
Mr. W. B. Sans, 1, St. James's-street.

BANKERS.
Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand.
Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street.
London and County Bank, Hanover-square.

Who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive Subscriptions, April 25th, 1860.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1810.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER of this Corporation will be held in FREEMASONS' HALL, on SATURDAY, May 12th. The Right Hon. Lord STANLEY, M.P., will preside. Five years, Son of the late Sir William Crosswell, Builder, of 1, Hemmingsford Cottages, Richmond-road, Islington, many years a partner with Mr. THOMSON, of Richmond-street, Tottenham-square, Islington. Mrs. CROSSWELL is left a Widow with Six Children. FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS SHE HAS BEEN DEPRIVED OF THE USE OF HER HANDS. Her Children are all young, and depending on her for support.

The case is known to, and urgently recommended by,
*Rev. DANIEL WILSON, Vicar of Islington, Barnsbury Park.
*Rev. W. VINCENT, Trinity Church, Islington.
Rev. EDWIN FAYTON HOOD, 35, E. Chancery-lane, Islington.
*Mrs. Edie, Hemmingsford House, Hemmingsford-road, Barnsbury.
JOHN DALE, Esq., Chiswell-street, City.
*HUGH J. SKE, Esq., 15, Hemmingsford Cottages, Barnsbury.
*W. H. SKECH, Esq., 4, Chancery-square, Pentonville.
*W. H. WILKINSON, Esq., Pembroke Villa, Caledonian-road.
*The Editor of the "BRITISH WORKMAN," 15, Barnsbury-square.

Proxies will be received by those marked thus *.

MAY ELECTION, 1860.
The favour of the Votes and Interest of the Governors and Subscribers to the

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD, is most respectfully solicited on behalf of THOMAS WILLIAM CROSSWELL, aged Five years, Son of the late Sir William Crosswell, Builder, of 1, Hemmingsford Cottages, Richmond-road, Islington, many years a partner with Mr. THOMSON, of Richmond-street, Tottenham-square, Islington. Mrs. CROSSWELL is left a Widow with Six Children. FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS SHE HAS BEEN DEPRIVED OF THE USE OF HER HANDS. Her Children are all young, and depending on her for support.

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*Rev. DANIEL WILSON, Vicar of Islington, Barnsbury Park.
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Rev. EDWIN FAYTON HOOD, 35, E. Chancery-lane, Islington.
*Mrs. Edie, Hemmingsford House, Hemmingsford-road, Barnsbury.
JOHN DALE, Esq., Chiswell-street, City.
*HUGH J. SKE, Esq., 15, Hemmingsford Cottages, Barnsbury.
*W. H. SKECH, Esq., 4, Chancery-square, Pentonville.
*W. H. WILKINSON, Esq., Pembroke Villa, Caledonian-road.
*The Editor of the "BRITISH WORKMAN," 15, Barnsbury-square.

Proxies will be received by those marked thus *.

MARRIAGE WITH A WIFE'S SISTER.

MARRIAGE LAW DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.
All persons opposed to legitimizing Marriage with a Wife's Sister can obtain FORMS OF PETITIONS to both Houses of Parliament, prepared for signature, from Mr. WILLIAM M. TROLDORS, Secretary of the Marriage Law Defence Association, 41, Parliament-street, S.W. Contributions and Subscriptions to the Marriage Law Defence Association are earnestly invited, to enable it effectually to fight the objects for which it was instituted. Crossed Cheques and Post-office Orders may be made payable to the Secretary, as above. The Association consists of all persons making a Donation of not less than One Guinea, or an Annual Subscription of not less than Five Shillings.

THE CHURCH INSTITUTION: AN ASSOCIATION OF CLERGY AND LAITY FOR DEFENSIVE AND GENERAL PURPOSES.

Offices—No. 4, Trafalgar-square, W.C.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Bell, Thomas, Esq., F.R.S.
Beresford-Hope, A. J. B., Esq.
Bingley, W. H., Esq.
Brett, Robert, Esq.
Brady, Antonio, Esq.
Bronchard, J. Crawford, Esq.
Brett, Robert, Esq.
Olson, J. M., Esq.
Dale, J. Murray, Esq.
Dartmouth, The Earl of.
Davies, William, Esq.
Erskine, Thomas, Esq.
Ford, William, Esq.
Hewitt, W. H., Esq.
Hichens, Robert, Esq.
Hibbard, J. G., Esq., M.P.
Haiswell, E., Esq.
Inglis, Rev. Vincent, M.P.
James, Sir Walter, Bart.
Kenyon, J. R., Esq., D.C.L.
Leak, Henry, Esq.
Merewether, C. G., Esq.
Montagu, Lord Robert, M.P.
Nelson, The Earl.
Ponsonby, Sir Thomas.
Verulam, The Earl of.
Wigram, Money, Esq.

(With power to add to their number.)

Treasurer—HENRY HOARE, Esq.

This Institution is established to combine as far as possible Churchmen of every shade of political and religious opinion in the maintenance and support of the Established Church and its rights and privileges in relation to the State, particularly as regards all questions affecting its welfare likely to become the subject of legislative action, and generally to encourage the co-operation of clergy and laity in their several districts for the promotion of measures conducive to the welfare of the Church, no question touching doctrine being entertained at any meeting.

N.B.—Subscriptions and Donations of any amount will be thankfully received, and may be paid to the account of the Institution with Messrs. Hoare, Fleet-street, E.C.; or to the Secretary, at the Office, 4, Trafalgar-square, W.C.

By Order, G. HOWELS DAVIES, Secretary.

WHEREAS the COMMISSIONERS in LUNACY had

intimated their intention of directing a Prosecution against me, the undersigned WILLIAM BYAS, of Leyton Park, Leyton, in the County of Essex, Keeper of a Boarding Establishment, for having without a license received persons of unsound mind into my house, contrary to the provisions of the Act of the 5 and 9 Victoria, cap. 136, being an Act for the Regulation of the Care and Treatment of Lunatics; but in consideration of my having expressed my deep regret for my said offence, and solemnly promised not again to offend in like manner, and the Commissioners have consented to forego the Prosecution, on my making a public apology and promise. I do accordingly hereby acknowledge that although I have never treated any of my Boarders as Lunatics in respect of the restriction of their personal liberty, I have violated the law by receiving persons of unsound mind into my house, and I do express my deep concern and regret for having so done, and do thus publicly apologise for the same, and I do solemnly promise not again to offend in like manner.

Dated this First day of May, 1860.

W. BYAS.

HYDROPATHY.—THE BEULAH SPA HYDROPATHIC

ESTABLISHMENT, Upper Norwood, rejoices with every comfort, within twenty minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, is OPEN for the reception of Patients and Visitors. The situation is the most desirable, in a private residence. The site is unrivalled for its healthiness. Particulars of Dr. KITTERBANDT, M.D., the Resident Physician.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL, ISLINGTON.

ESTABLISHED 1842.—TWO HUNDRED BEDS.

President—The Right Hon. LORD MONTAGUE.

Cases of Fever of every kind, and in all stages of malignity, occurring in the Families of the Poor, or among the Domestic of the Ailment, are received into the Hospital at all hours. FUNDS are PRESSINGLY NEEDED. Money may be paid to the Treasurer, Messrs. HOARE and Co., Fleet-street; or to the Secretary, at the Hospital.

BRITISH LYING-IN HOSPITAL, Endell-street, Long-

acre (Established 1740).—This old-established Institution has been the means of affording succour and relief in the hour of travail to upwards of 45,000 poor married women. The Hospital, situate in the heart of a densely populated but poor neighbourhood, was re-built in 1840, and has accommodation for forty patients; but the funds at the disposal of the charity are very low, and it is for this reason impossible to extend the benefits of the Hospital to the extent desirable. The AID of the CHARITABLE PUBLIC is therefore earnestly solicited. The Hospital is open for the inspection of Ladies and others daily. Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by Messrs. HOARE and Co., Fleet-street; or at the Hospital.

EDWIN PHILLIPS, Secretary.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

Administered with the greatest success in cases of CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Extensive experience, and the recorded testimony of numberless eminent medical practitioners, prove that a half-pint of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil is equal in remedial effects to a quart of any other kind. Hence as it is incomparably the best, so it is likewise far the cheapest.

Purity, easiness, speedy efficacy, safety, and economy unitedly recommend this unrivalled preparation to Invalids.

OPINION OF EDWIN LANKESTER, Esq., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.
Late Lecturer on the Practice of Physic at St. George's Medical School, Superintendent of the Food Collection at the South Kensington Museum, &c. &c.

"I consider that the purity and genuineness of this Oil are secured in its preparation by the personal attention of so good a Chemist and Intelligible a Physician as Dr. de Jongh, who has also written the best medical treatise on the Oil with which I am acquainted. Hence I deem the Cod Liver Oil sold under his guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."

"a, Savile-row, W., 1st August, 1859."

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 8s., encapsuled, and labelled with DR. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS,

ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.—

H. RODRIGUES, 42, PICCADILLY, invites attention to his elegant Stock of TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, fitted complete, DRESSING CASES, Writing Cases, DRAWING BOXES, Jewel Cases, REPAIRABLE and CARTRIDGE BAGS in great variety. MEDICAL MOUNTED ENVELOPE CASES, BLUETING BOOKS, and INSTANTANEOUS CASES; Scott Cases, Emu Cases, cases of choice Cutlery, Work, Sewing, and Glove Boxes. The new PATENT SELF-CLASPING BOOK-BLADES, also a choice variety of ELEGANCES and ADORNMENTS suitable for PRESENTATION to various to enumerate, to be had at HENRY RODRIGUES' well-known establishment, 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W., two doors from Sackville-street.

WILLIAM SMEE AND SONS, CABINET MANUFACTURERS,

TURKES, UPHOLSTERS, and BEDDING WAREHOUSEMEN, & FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C., much regret the inconvenience which they fear such of their Customers as have visited their Warehouse during the last few weeks must have suffered from the dust, as well as the disarrangement of Stock, occasioned by the alterations and additions to their Premises which have been in progress.

WILLIAM SMEE AND SONS have pleasure in announcing that these are now completed, and comprise the addition of so good a Chemist and Intelligible a Physician as Dr. de Jongh, who has also written the best medical treatise on the Oil with which I am acquainted. Hence I deem the Cod Liver Oil sold under his guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."

In making these additions to their Warehouses, WILLIAM SMEE AND SONS have given greatly increased accommodation to their BEDDING and BEDROOM FURNITURE DEPARTMENT, and especially have added largely to their Stock of IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS.

They have also just prepared, for the use of their Customers and the Public, a NEW BOOK OF DESIGNS OF IRON AND BRASS BEDSTEADS, TOGETHER WITH REDUCED LIST OF PRICES OF BEDDING, which will be forwarded upon application.

WILLIAM SMEE AND SONS strongly urge upon intending Purchasers the advantage of a personal selection, and ask the favour of a call to inspect their Stock.

1st May, 1860.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.—INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.

FREDERICK PATTISON, Esq., Chairman.
JAMES BRAND, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
 Thomas George Barclay, Esq.
 James C. C. Bell, Esq.
 Charles Cave, Esq.
 George William Cottam, Esq.
 George Henry Cutler, Esq.
 Henry Davidson, Esq.
 George Field, Esq.
 George Hibbert, Esq.
 Samuel Hubert, Esq.
 Thomas Newman Hunt, Esq.
 James Gordon Murdoch, Esq.
 William R. Robinson, Esq.
 Martin Tucker Smith, Esq., M.P.
 Newman Smith, Esq.

SECURITY.—The assured are protected from the liabilities attaching to mutual assurance by a fund of a million and a half sterling, of which nearly a million is actually invested, one-third in Government Securities, and the remainder in first-class debentures and mortgages in Great Britain.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the profits are assigned to policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.

PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A liberal allowance is made on the surrender of a policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.

CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in payment of claims and additions upwards of £1,500,000.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 15, Pall-mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

* Service allowed in Local Militia and Volunteer Rifle Corps within the United Kingdom.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**SPECIAL NOTICE.****BONUS YEAR.****SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.**

All Policies now effected will participate in the Division to be made as at 15th NOVEMBER NEXT.

The Standard was established in 1825.

The first Division of Profits took place in 1825; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1826, 1829, 1830, and 1831.

The Profits to be divided in 1860 will be those which have arisen since 1835.

ACCUMULATED FUND £1,684,598 2 10
ANNUAL REVENUE 280,231 13 5

Annual Average of New Assurances effected during the last Ten Years, upwards of HALF A MILLION STERLING.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, Manager.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

The Company's Medical Officer attends at the Office, daily, at Half-past One.

LONDON 82, KING WILLIAM STREET.

EDINBURGH 5, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).

DUBLIN 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

HAND-IN-HAND INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1806.

DIRECTORS.

The Hon. William Ashley.
 The Hon. Sir Edward Cust.
 Arthur Eden, Esq.
 John Lettison Elliot, Esq.
 James Esdaile, Esq.
 John Gurney Hoare, Esq.
 T. Fuller Matland, Esq.
 William Scott, Esq.
 John Spurling, Esq.
 Thomas Turner, Esq.
 Henry Wilson, Esq.
 William Edsall Winter, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

RESOLVED.—That persons whose lives are insured in this Office be insured without extra Premium, against all risks to which they may be exposed whilst engaged in the Militia, or in any Yeomanry Rifle, or other Volunteer Corps, acting within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, whether in time of peace or war.

This Office offers a low scale of Premium to Non-members without participation in profits, or a Member's scale of Premiums with an Annual participation in the whole of the profits, after five Annual payments.

For the last twelve years participation in profits has yielded an Annual abatement of 50 per cent. on the premiums of all Policies of five or more years' standing.

The effect of the abatement is thus shown:

Age when insured.	Sum insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
30	50	18 7 1	9 7 0
40	100	23 10 2	16 2 8
50	200	91 10 0	45 1 4

Insurances effected before the 25th June next, will participate in profits in the year 1865.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected at the usual rates.

By order of the Board,

RICHARD RAY, Secretary.

HOME ASSURANCE.

LIFE POLICIES are generally loaded with conditions, inapplicable to the case of Professional Men, and others, who effect Assurances for the benefit of their Families or Creditors.

Such persons are not likely to go beyond the limits of Europe, commit Suicide, enter into Military or Naval Service of a professional character, fall by Duelling, or die by the hands of Justice.

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

ISSUE POLICIES without such conditions or restrictions, satisfied that they are unnecessary in the cases alluded to.

THE COLONIAL COMPANY

was founded in 1846, and its operations have been most successful at home and abroad. Profits were divided in 1854 and 1859, when large additions were made to Assurances; next Division 1864.

The Home Rates of Premium are moderate, for example:—

	Age 25.	Age 35.	Age 45.
With Profits	£3 1 0	£2 13 10	£3 14 9 per Cent.
Without Profits	£1 17 7	£2 9 4	£3 7 11 ..

Rates for Foreign Climates moderate.
 Premiums received and Claims settled abroad, if wished.

SAMUEL R. FERGUSON, Resident Secretary.

LONDON 81, LOMBARD STREET.

PARIS and Co., 10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

EDINBURGH (HEAD OFFICE) 5, GEORGE STREET.

DUBLIN 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

GLASGOW 35, ST. VINCENT STREET.

N.B.—There is a special advantage to be gained by assuring before 25th May next, with reference to the Division of Profits in 1864.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED IN 1762.

The Amount added to the existing Policies for the whole continuance of Life at the decennial division of profits in December last, was ONE MILLION NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS, making, with former additions then outstanding, a total of FOUR MILLIONS and SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, which amounts to sixty-seven per cent. on the sums originally assured in all those Policies.

THE BONUSES paid on claims in the ten years ending on the 31st December, 1859, exceed

THREE MILLIONS AND A HALF,

being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims.

THE CAPITAL, on the 1st November, 1859, £5,400,000 sterling.

THE INCOME exceeds £400,000 per annum.

POLICIES effected in the current year (1860) will PARTICIPATE in the DISTRIBUTION OF PROFITS ordered in DECEMBER LAST, so soon as Six Annual Premiums shall have become due and been paid thereon; and, in the division of 1864, will be entitled to additions in respect of EVERY PREMIUM paid upon them from the years 1851 to 1859, each inclusive.

THE EQUITABLE is an entirely mutual Office, in which TWO-THIRDS OF THE CLEAR SURPLUS is decennially divided among the POLICY HOLDERS, and ONE-THIRD RESERVED FOR SECURITY, and as an Accumulating Fund, in augmentation of other profits for future periodical distribution.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A WEEKLY COURT OF DIRECTORS IS HELD EVERY WEDNESDAY, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and a Prospectus of the Society may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

1800.

NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office—64, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

London Office—4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY.

CHAIRMAN OF LONDON BOARD—SIR PETER LAURIE, Alderman.

BANKER—UNION BANK OF LONDON.

SOLICITOR—ALEXANDER DOBIE, Esq., Lancaster-place.

Accumulated Fund..... £1,031,454 0 0

Annual Revenue..... £179,083 11 11

LIFE ASSURANCE.

1860.

POLICIES EFFECTED WITH THIS COMPANY DURING THE PRESENT YEAR WILL BE ENTITLED TO SIX YEARS' BONUS AT NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS.

During the year 1859, 605 Policies were issued, Assuring the sum of £448,915 0 0

Policies are by arrangement declared free from all restrictions.

Ninety per cent. of the Profits are divided amongst Policy-holders Insured on the Participating Scale.

At the last investigation, 31st December, 1858, the ascertained Profit on the business during the preceding seven years amounted to £139,000.

The attention of the Public is specially called to the DOUBLE INSURANCE SYSTEM—HALF PREMIUM SYSTEM—AND ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SYSTEM—lately adopted at this Office. For full particulars, reference is made to the Prospectus of the Company. No extra Premium charged for Members of Volunteer Corps.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Company insure against Fire most descriptions of Property, at the lowest rates of Premium corresponding to the risk. Rents of Buildings also Insured.

Prospectuses and all necessary information may be obtained on application at No. 4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY, or any of the Agents in the Country.

4, New Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, March, 1860.

R. STRACHAN, Secretary.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.**DIRECTORS.**

Admiral Sir HENRY LEEKE, Bart., K.C.B., K.H., M.P., Chairman.
 George Braginton, Esq.
 Ingram Chapman, Esq.
 Thomas Cottrell, Esq.
 James Nugent Daniell, Esq.
 Henry Fox, Esq.
 John Avery Jones, Esq.
 James Laming, Esq.
 Frederick John Price, Esq.
 H. T. Watson, Esq.
 Charles Wells, Esq.
 Mark Whitwell, Esq.

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNDERWRITING DEPARTMENT.

Irving Frederick Rougemont, Esq.

AUDITORS—Benjamin Dawson, Esq.; Alexander Boetefeur, Esq.

BANKERS—The London and County Bank, Lombard-street.

STOCKBROKERS.

George E. Seymour, Esq., Throgmorton-street; Messrs. Crosley Brothers, 30, Cornhill.

Messrs. Crosley and Burn, 34, Lombard-street; Messrs. Flux and Argies, 68, Chancery-lane.

SOLICITORS.

SECRETARY—J. L. DANIELL, Esq.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, 2, Royal Exchange-buildings, London, E.C.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the OFFICES of this Company have been REMOVED from 79, Lombard-street, to No. 2, ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, where the share certificates are ready for delivery in exchange for the Bankers' receipt.

May 3, 1860. J. L. DANIELL, Secretary.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, 2, Royal Exchange-buildings, London, E.C.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the OFFICES of the Company will be OPENED for the transaction of business on MONDAY, 14th May instant.

May 3, 1860. J. L. DANIELL, Secretary.

COALS.—BEST COALS ONLY.—COCKERELL and Co.'s

price is now 25s. per ton cash, for the BEST SCREENED COALS, and 14s. per chaldron cash, for BEST COKE, as supplied by them to her Majesty.—Is, Cornhill, E.C.; Purfleet Wharf, East-street, Blackfriars, E.C.; Eaton Wharf, Grosvenor Canal, Finsbury, S.W.; and Sunderland Wharf, Finsbury, S.E.

STOVE GRATES, KITCHENERS, KITCHEN RANGES,

CHIMNEY-PIECES, FENDERS, and FIRE-IRONS.—An unexampled assortment of well-constructed Stove Grates in line cast, Berlin black, steel and ornamental, and of Fenders, Fire-irons, and Chimney-Pieces, at the lowest possible prices, at EDWARDS, SON, and CO.'S extensive SHOW-ROOMS, 49, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street, W., exactly opposite the Conservatory Entrance to the Pantheon Bazaar. The beautiful Focalina Grates in great variety, from 2 to 50 guineas each. Edwards' Smoke-Consuming Range and the most improved Kitcheners of all sizes. Warm Baths erected. Illustrated Prospectuses forwarded. For 25 years in Poland-street adjoining.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or equisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with Ornamental Grates and Two sets of Bars, £3 15s. to £3 18s.; Bronzed Fenders, with Standards, 7s. to £3 12s.; Steel Fenders, £2 15s. to £3 11s.; ditto, with rich Ornamental Grates, from £2 15s. to £3 11s.; Chimney-Pieces, from £1 8s. to £2 10s.; Fire Irons, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

THE BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with Radiating Hearth-Plates.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON

has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Baths, Beds, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d. to £30 0s. each.
 Shower Baths, from 8s. 6d. to £3 0s. each.
 Baths (Moderator) from 6s. 6d. to £7 7s. each.
 (All other kinds at the same rate.)
 Pure Colza Oil 4s. per gallon.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most varied assortment

of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is ON SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales—34-inch ivory-handled table knives with high shoulders, 12s. 6d. per dozen; dessert, to match, 10s.; if to balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers, 4s. 3d. per pair; larger sizes, from 20s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine, ivory, 20s.; if with silver ferrules, 40s. to 60s.; white bone table knives, 6s. per dozen; dessert, 5s.; carvers, 2s. 3d. per pair; black horn table knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; dessert, 6s.; carvers, 2s. 6d.; black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen; table steel, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING

IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 400 Illustrations of his illustrious Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 20, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, 5, and 4, Newman-street; 4, 5, and 6, Ferry-place; and 1, Newman-street, London.

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Among the many luxuries of the present age, none can be obtained possessing the manifold virtues of OLD BRIDE'S BALM OF COLOMBIA. If applied to the roots and ends of the hair, it imparts the most delightful coyness, with an agreeable fragrance of perfume. It also at this period of the season prevents the hair from falling off, or if already too thin or turning grey, will prevent its further progress and soon restore it again. Those who really desire to have beautiful hair, either with wave or curl, should use it daily. It is also celebrated for strengthening the hair, freeing it from scurf, and producing new hair, whiskers, and moustaches. Established upwards of thirty years. No imitative wash can equal it. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. only.—C. and A. GLEBE, 32, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

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(The Standard of excellence.)

SPLENDID OLD PORT, ten years in the wood	37s. per dozen.
SPARKLING EFFERVESCENT CHAMPAGNE	34s. "
ST. JULIEN CLARET, pure and without acidity	34s. "
FINEST COGNAC BRANDY (Pale or Brown)	44s. and 52s. "
SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c.	30s. and 34s. "

The finest ever introduced into this country.

Bottles and Packages included, and Six Dozen Cases Free to any Railway Station in England or Wales. Price Lists Free on application. Terms Cash.

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The established reputation of these Wines renders comment unnecessary.

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Do. (various growths)	20s. 30s.	34s.	"
CHAMPAGNE (Sparkling)	30s.	42s.	"

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ARRAGONNESE PORTS	20s.	34s.	"
CATALANIAN SHERRIES	20s.	34s.	"
EXCELLENT DINNER DO.	30s. 32s.	42s.	"

PORTUGUESE.

RED LISBON	20s.	34s.	"
PORT from the Wood	20s.	34s.	"
Do. (Old Crusted)	30s. 42s.	42s.	"

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COGNAC BRANDY, Pale or Brown	22s.	28s. per gallon.
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 Baron LIEBIG and all the Faculty, may now be had in the finest condition of Messrs. HARRINGTON PARKER, and CO., who have REDUCED the PRICE of this highly esteemed beverage to

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THE BEST and CHEAPEST TEAS IN ENGLAND are to be obtained of PHILLIPS and CO., Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London. Good strong useful Congou Tea, 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., and 3s. 4d. Rich Soucheong Tea, 3s. 4d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 8d., 3s. 10d., 4s., and 4s. 4d. All carriage free to any railway station or market town in England. A Price Current free by post on application.

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LEA and PERRINS' "WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE"
 one of the best additions to Soup, Fish, Joint, and Game. The large and increasing demand has caused unprincipled traders to manufacture a spurious article; but the "GENUINE" all bear LEA and PERRINS' name on Bottle, Label, and Stopper.
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CROSSE and BLACKWELL, Purveyors in Ordinary to Her Majesty, invite attention to their PICKLES, SAUCES, TART FRUITS, and other Table Delicacies, the whole of which are prepared with the most scrupulous attention to wholesomeness and purity for many years enjoyed the high honour of supplying Her Majesty's Table with their Manufactures. A few of the articles most highly recommended are—Pickles and Tart Fruits of every description, Royal Table Sauce, Essence of Shrimps, Sole Sauce, Essence of Anchovies, Orange Marmalade, Anchovy and Biscuit Paste, Strawberry and other Potted Meats, Calf's-foot Jellies of various kinds for table use, M. Sover's Sauces, Relish, and Aromatic Mustard, Carstairs' Sir Robert Peel's Sauce, and Payne's Royal Osborne Sauce. To be obtained of all respectable Olmen, Grocers, &c., and Wholesale of CROSSE and BLACKWELL, 21, Soho-square, London.

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FOR INDIGESTION (DYSPEPSIA), HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, PALPITATION, NERVOUS, BILIOUS, and LIVER COMPLAINTS, DEBILITY, COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, FEVERS.

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 REVALENTA AROMATICA FOOD.

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Cure No. 55,419. Parliament-street, Liverpool, 3rd April, 1860.
 From an attack of bronchitis Du Barry's Revalenta Aromatica gave me great relief in the short space of an hour, and shortly after I was quite recovered. WILLIAM GRICE.

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 J. R. CRILTON, M.D.; JULIUS G. POBLE, Analytical Chemist.

At about one penny per meal, it saves fifty times its cost in medicine, and cures effectually without any of the uncertainties, annoyances, and ruinous expenses incurred by medicine, cod-liver oil, or visits to distant climates.

We extract a few out of many thousands of cures:—

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Similar Testimonials from many thousands of other respectable parties who can be referred to. Sold in Cansisters, 1lb. 2s. 6d.; 5lb. 12s.; 10lb. 22s.; 20lb. 40s. Super-refined quality, 5lb. 2s.; 10lb. 4s.; 20lb. 8s. In all cases of indigestion, and particularly of Post-office Order, by SARGENT DUBARRY and CO., 77, Regent-street, London; FOSBURN, MASON, and CO., 105, Piccadilly, London; and all Grocers and Chemists.

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LAVERS and BARRAUD, of EDELL-STREET, BLOOMSBURY,
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 which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be had at 2s. 5d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s., 23s., 24s., 25s., 26s., 27s., 28s., 29s., 30s., 31s., 32s., 33s., 34s., 35s., 36s., 37s., 38s., 39s., 40s., 41s., 42s., 43s., 44s., 45s., 46s., 47s., 48s., 49s., 50s., 51s., 52s., 53s., 54s., 55s., 56s., 57s., 58s., 59s., 60s., 61s., 62s., 63s., 64s., 65s., 66s., 67s., 68s., 69s., 70s., 71s., 72s., 73s., 74s., 75s., 76s., 77s., 78s., 79s., 80s., 81s., 82s., 83s., 84s., 85s., 86s., 87s., 88s., 89s., 90s., 91s., 92s., 93s., 94s., 95s., 96s., 97s., 98s., 99s., 100s.

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 and CO. (late Caldesi and Montecchi) beg to state that their SOLE ESTABLISHMENT is now at Messrs. P. and D. COLNAGHI, SCOTT, and CO.'s, Pall-mall East, and at 6 Victoria-grove, Kensington-gate, W., where their business, in all its varieties of Portraiture, Reproduction of Pictures, instantaneous Photographs of Groups, of Animals, and the celebrated "Cartes de Visites," is carried on as usual under the superintendence of Mr. CALDESI and of his Partners.

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 Boxes, Travelling Bags, Writing Cases, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Inkstands, Envelope Cases, Blotting Books, Stationery Cases, Superior Cutlery, &c.; also, an Elegant Assortment of Articles suitable for Presents, at very Reduced Prices, previous to Alterations.—The Whole of the Large and Valuable STOCK of Messrs. BRIGGS, 37, Piccadilly, W., next door to St. James's Hall.

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 of one material, introduced last Season for Gentlemen, and subsequently improved by variety of materials, the fastenings by a top link or button, which serves for a Letter-seal when engraved with Crest or Coat of Arms, is registered 6 and 7 Vict.; and the Complete Suit is occasionally under, and seldom exceeds, Three Pounds in cost.

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 Shawls trimmed with Real Lace Flounces, most appropriate for the present Season, combining Style with Elegance and Utility.

Real Spanish Mantillas 6s. guineas.

Imitation do. 5s. 6d.

At A. BLACKBURN'S Spanish Bruxelles Depot, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

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 and SON'S SHOW ROOMS contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for home use and for tropical climates; Handsome Iron Bedsteads with brass mounting and elegantly japanned; Plain Iron Bedsteads for servants; every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in mahogany, birch, walnut-tree woods, polished deal and japanned, all fitted with bedding and furniture complete, as well as every description of Bed-room Furniture.

HEAL and SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,
 containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 100 different Articles of Bed-room Furniture, sent free by post.—Heal and Son, Bedstead, Bedding, and Bed-room Furniture Manufacturers, 195, Tottenham Court-road, W.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.
 USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESSES to be the FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.—WOTHEESPOON and CO., Glasgow and London.

BLIGHTS, MILDEW, BEDBUGS.—GISHURST
 COMPOUND, patented for preventing and destroying these and other pests.—See *Gardener's Chronicle*, *Antique and Field*. In bottles 2s. 6d.; retail of all Nursery and Seedsmen, wholesale of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited).

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JULLIEN'S LAST WALTZ is published this day, by BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

EDWARD STANFORD has the pleasure to announce that he has been appointed AGENT for the SALE of the PUBLICATIONS of the GEOLOGICAL SURVEY of the UNITED KINGDOM, and will be happy to forward, upon application, a detailed List of all the Maps, Sections, and Books published to the present time.

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MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHICAL PRONUNCIATION.
 By A. F. FOSTER, Author of a "General Treatise on Geography," &c. This Manual furnishes Rules for the Pronunciation of the leading Languages, a Vocabulary of upwards of 10,000 Names, with the true Pronunciation carefully indicated, and an Etymological Table of Generic Terms, with their Literal Meanings, serving to explain a large number of Names. Price in limp cloth, 2s.; or, per post, for Twenty-five Stamps.

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 London: J. CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

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Fifth Edition, 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 6d.

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 ITS NATURE AND TREATMENT. By JAS. YEARELY, Esq., Surgeon to the Metropolitan Ear Infirmary, Backville-street, Piccadilly. Inventor of the Artificial Tympanum, &c. &c.

"A careful perusal has convinced us that the author is correct in his views; his experience has been ample, and his powers of observation and research have been by no means inferior to his opportunities."—*Medical Times and Gazette*.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCXIV., is published THIS DAY.

- CONTENTS:
- I. Labourers' Cottages. By H. S. Edwards.
 - II. British and Continental Nobility. By H. S. Edwards.
 - III. Madame Récamier. By H. S. Edwards.
 - IV. The Bar of Philadelphia. By H. S. Edwards.
 - V. Notes on Nursing. By H. S. Edwards.
 - VI. Fox Hunting. By H. S. Edwards.
 - VII. Recollections of C. R. Leslie, B.A. By H. S. Edwards.
 - VIII. The Budget and the Reform Bill. By H. S. Edwards.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW for MAY, price 2s. 6d., contains:

1. Chili.
2. Notes on Names and Nicknames. By Dr. Doran, F.R.S.
3. Sir Everard's Daughter: Unfairly Played and Falsely Won. By John Cordy Jeaffreson.
4. Amuseur Financier.
5. Krieff and the Russian Fabulists. By H. S. Edwards.
6. Nathaniel Hawthorne.
7. Dark Sayings and their Interpretation.
8. Mr. Disraeli.

London: WM. H. ALLEN and Co., 7, Lendenhall-street.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, No. LXIV.

- Now ready.
- CONTENTS:
- I. BEDDING'S REMINISCENCES—THOMAS CAMPBELL.
 - II. QUAKERISM—PAST AND PRESENT.
 - III. SIR HENRY LAURENCE.
 - IV. AUSTRALIAN ETHNOLOGY.
 - V. HEIN'S POEMS.
 - VI. CHURCH AND STATE—THE SPIRITUAL AND THE CIVIL COURTS.
 - VII. ORIGIN OF SPECIES.
 - VIII. THE BRITISH LIGHTHOUSE SYSTEM.
 - IX. STATE OF EUROPE.
 - X. RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Edinburgh: W. P. KENNEDY, 70, George-street. London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co. Dublin: M'GLASHAN and GILL.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. 329, for MAY. Price 2s. 6d.

- CONTENTS:
1. Prior's Life of Malone.
 2. Utrum Hic et Illic, or the Revenge of Shane Roe Na Sogarith: a Legend of the Golden Fawn. By William Carleton. Part I.
 3. Sterne in the Stereoscope, Voyage Sentimental.
 4. Vowed the Dane: Count of Elsinore. Part V.
 5. Epitaphical Memorabilia.
 6. Savoy, from the Top of Mont Cenis.
 7. Our Linen Manufacture and its Raw Material.
 8. The Reform Bill and the Working Classes.
 9. Charity at Home.
 10. The Work-a-Day World of France.
 11. Present Politics.

Dublin: WILLIAM ROBERTSON. London: HURST and BLACKETT.

THE NEW LONDON REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, and SOCIETY, conducted by CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., will appear every Saturday morning. The Date of Publication, with other particulars, will be shortly announced.—All Communications for the Editor or Manager to be addressed to the Office, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, Sixpence Monthly. No. I. (for MAY) now ready.

- CONTENTS.
- THE FASHIONS and NEEDLEWORK.
1. A Steel Plate of the Fashions for May, printed and painted by hand in Paris, showing the style of the Dresses now worn, with the fashionable colours.
 2. A Berlin Wool Work Pattern of Slipper, in twelve colours.
 3. A large separate of Coloured Paper (equal to 32 pages), containing 20 of the newest Embroidery Patterns of Collars, Sleeves, Pocket-handkerchiefs, Initial Letters, Edgings, Insertions, Braiding Patterns, Patterns in Satin Stitch, &c. All of exact size for working.
 4. A Full-sized Pattern of the Fashionable Zouave Jacket, showing, most accurately and intelligibly, the precise size and shape of the front, back, side-pieces, and sleeves.

- LITERATURE and ENGRAVINGS.
1. The Family Secret. By the Authors of "Under a Cloud." Chapters I. and II. Illustrated by Julian Portch.
 2. The Domestic History of England. By Maria S. Eves. Ancient Britons and Anglo-Saxons. With Three Illustrations from "Strutt" and the Bauxaux Tapestry.
 3. The Sun-in-Law. By Charles de Bernard.
 4. Memoir of the Americans. By F. Gerstacker. With a Sketch of the Levée at New Orleans, by H. G. Huse.
 5. Memoir of Mrs. Jameson. With Portrait from a Photograph by Kilburn.
 6. Poetry of the Months—May. With Emblematical Heading by Noel Humphreys.
 7. The Remarkable Marriage of the Dwarfs, Master Richard Gibson and Mistress Anne Sheehard. With Illustration.
 8. "The Mill on the Floss," by the Author of "Adam Bede," described and reviewed.
 9. What to do in the Garden in May.
 10. Things in Season and Domestic Recipes for May.
 11. The Fashions, with Descriptions of the Dresses shown in the Coloured Plate.
 12. The Englishwoman's Conversation.

In No. II. of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE will appear:—The First Part of Mrs. Lett's Diary. Including the Private Opinions of a Young and Tender Wife. Edited by a Married Woman of Thirty Years' vast Experience. Prepared for the Press by Augustus Mayhew. Walsley Woods and Forest Flowers. By J. C. Brough. Memoir of Helen, Duchess of Orleans.

S. O. BERTON, 15, Boulevard-street, Fleet-street, London, E.C.
A Specimen Number sent, post free, for Six Postage Stamps.
N.B.—The Publisher has to apologize for the delay which the very large demand, far exceeding the most sanguine expectations, occasioned in the execution of many orders for the first number of the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine." Such arrangements have now been made as will in future prevent a recurrence of any delay.

THE CHEMICAL NEWS (Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES) for THIS DAY, contains:—Schönbein on Ozone—Drs. Odling and Letheby on Deodorization of the Thames—Dr. Lankester on Wool, &c. &c. Price Threepence, Weekly. Order any Bookseller or Newsmen.—Office, 12, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

SENILS CATHEDRAL—THE POST-OFFICE.—"THE BUILDER" of THIS DAY, price Fourpence, Stamped, Fivepence, contains:—Fine View of Senils Cathedral.—The Post-office, London.—The Architectural Exhibition—Sagittary Progress—Masters and Men—Worse Abroad—Public Buildings in the Province—The Architectural Association—Brinkburn Priory Church, with an Engraving—Decorations of St. Paul's Cathedral—The Battle of the Styles—The Old Water-Colour Society—The Competition Designs for St. Andrew's Church, Dublin—Terms of Contracts—The London Building Company—Church-Building News, &c.
Office, 1, York-street, Covent-garden; and all Booksellers.

NOTICE.—A PAMPHLET is this day published, containing the PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE between Mr. RALPH WARD JACKSON, Chairman of the West Hartlepool Railway Company, and Mr. BENJAMIN COLEMAN, of 29, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.—May 1st.

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